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A REAL LIFE DRAMA.

Convicts Fight their Way out of Gloucester Gaol, Cross the River Severn, and, after an Exciting Chase through Forest Dean, are recaptured forty miles from the start.

THAT WEARY FEELING

Is a sure indication of disordered digestion. Impurities are being drawn into your blood from imperfectly digested food, and your whole system is clogged. That is why you are always tired, why you never, even in the morning, feel really fresh. You must see to this at once, before worse happens. Take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. It tones stomach, liver and bowels, and restores the vigour of health. BEGIN TAKING IT TO-DAY.

MEANS INDIGESTION

"I had no appetite, and what I did eat caused intense pain at my stomach, and wind. I suffered from headache and a dull pain in my back. I could not sleep. Sometimes a dizzy feeling would come over me, and I was a martyr to constipation. I was so weary that I could hardly drag through the day. But when things were at their worst MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP completely cured me."—*From* Mrs. Mary Hayes, 57, Glenavon Rd., Romford Rd., Stratford, London, E. *July 19th, 1900.*

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IS THE SURE CURE.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½d. size.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

M.A.P.

A Popular Penny Weekly of Pleasant Gossip, Personal Portraits, & Social News.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

50 Years' Reputation.

FOR COUGHS & COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

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is made to your own measure — we keep NO stock.

Hand-sewn Welted on Customer's own Lasts, where available, 13/6

Send for Catalogue.

Made to Measure 10/6

BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY

Rushden, Northampton.

THE BISHOP'S SMILE.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Bishop of London, speaking at Fulham last week, smilingly declared that he is a bachelor.

Mr. Mark Hambourg's £100 Tie-Pin.

During Mr. Mark Hambourg's second Australian tour in 1897 he attended a large garden-party, and his hostess, one of the gifted Mark's countless admirers, seized the opportunity to present him with a beautiful opal.

In the course of the afternoon, however, Mark (if one may take a liberty which all who know him do take) unfortunately lost the stone, and, despite a most diligent search, it was not to be found, and Mark sorrowfully resigned himself to the conclusion that it had been trodden underfoot and was gone for ever.

Imagine his surprise and delight when about a year later he received a packet containing the opal, which, his friend wrote to explain, had been found by the gardener while mowing the lawn (says a writer in *M.A.P.*). Mark determined not to lose the jewel again and had it made into a pin which he constantly wore up to about three years ago, when staying at the seaside he lost it on the beach. In the evening he happened to mention his loss in the smoking-room of the hotel where he was staying, and many "tall" stories were told of wonderful recoveries of lost possessions.

At last Mark offered to bet £100 to £1 that his pin would never be found, thinking that as the tide had since been over the spot where he judged he had lost the pin, the bet was an exceedingly safe one.

One of the company, however, accepted the wager in all seriousness, and next morning Mark and he repaired to the beach, where the former roughly indicated where he had been sitting the day before. The searcher went to work with such triumphant results that within five minutes he produced the pin, in no way the worse for wear, and Mark somewhat thoughtfully retired to the hotel to write a cheque.

And so the pin, worth perhaps £5, cost him just twenty times that amount.

"I keep it," says Mark, "as a souvenir of folly; but I never wear it anymore."

Prince's Record Spoilt.

For more than sixty years Archduke Rainer, of Austria, a cousin of Emperor Francis-Joseph, has been considered the finest horseman in Austria - Hungary. It was his proudest boast that he had "never been thrown in his life." Last Saturday, while passing through Baden, a scorching motor-cyclist caused his steed to shy, and in a second Archduke Rainer's record of sixty years was shattered.

A Princess who should be a Queen.

The news that the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are probably coming to England this winter is of great interest to that section of the high nobility who were at one time

Prince's Record Spoilt: Why an Austrian Archduke would abolish motor-cycles. (See paragraph above.)

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

intimate with the old King of Hanover and his daughters. Few people are aware that Queen Alexandra's youngest sister is a British peeress, as well as a Queen *de jure*; but the Duke of Cumberland is proud of his right to sit in the House of Lords, and it is quite possible that he will so time his visit to this country as to be present when the King opens Parliament early in 1907. It is an open secret that the Duke has steadfastly kept away for so long from the United Kingdom owing to the great part taken by Queen Victoria in promoting the marriage of his sister, Princess Frederica, to the late King of Hanover's private secretary, Baron Pawel von Rammingen. He is, however, on the most intimate terms of brotherly friendship with King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and doubtless will now be content to let bygones be bygones.

Peers in Trafalgar Square.

It is seldom that the speakers at a Trafalgar Square demonstration are so aristocratic as those who declaimed their eloquence from the base

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MISS MARIE LLOYD, the Comedy Queen of the Music Halls, was married at Hampstead Registry Office, to Mr. Alec Hurley, the well-known coster comedian, on Saturday.

of Nelson's Column on Saturday last, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Hugh Cecil, Lord Halifax, Sir Ernest Flower, and many other well-known men being amongst the number. The occasion was a meeting of protest against the Education Bill. Lord Shaftesbury, the principal speaker at this unique gathering, is perhaps best known in Society as an exceptionally talented amateur singer. His quaint Irish folk-songs are in great demand at charity concerts and in country houses.

The Duke of Connaught's Host.

Lord Derby, who has been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Knowsley, is one of the wealthiest and most influential peers of the kingdom. Knowsley is situated in the largest park in England, whilst no fewer than eleven lodges guard its gates. The house itself has been continually added to for hundreds of years by its owners, and is now a palace of gigantic proportions. Lord Derby was educated at Eton, and has served in the Army, retiring from the Grenadier Guards with the title of captain. He has sat in the House of Commons, and has held important posts under Government, notably those of Secretary for War and Secretary for the Colonies. In 1888 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, holding the position with success for nearly six years.

"Turns" at a Wedding.

So many people tried to get into the Hampstead Registry Office on Saturday to see the marriage of Miss Marie Lloyd and Alec Hurley, the well-known music-hall artistes, that the registrar opened the town hall, and the ceremony took place there. Messrs. S. Poluski and T. Macnaughton, well-known music-hall artistes, attended on the bridegroom.

There was nothing conventional about the event except the short legal ceremony, and even that was robbed of its dignity by the comments of the bride, who kept the spectators in continuous laughter. A scramble to kiss the bride ensued as soon as the formalities had been complied with, and the merriment reached an uproarious climax when the best man kissed the groom.

Comedians from the music-halls "gagged" the proceedings from start to finish, and everybody except the registrar seemed to look on the affair as a joke. A cheering crowd in the street witnessed the departure of the party in a procession of motor-cars and cabs.

About three hundred invited guests attended the wedding breakfast and reception at a Strand hotel. There were speeches, but most of the persons called on responded with songs or dances or both. Mr. Hurley tried a speech.

"I want to thank you all on behalf of myself and my wife——" he began.

"Say 'wife' louder," interrupted the bride, and the rest of the speech was lost in roars of laughter.

Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Hurley went to Brighton for a week-end honeymoon.

A Royal Musician.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, who has gone to Welbeck Abbey on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, holds the unique position, for a woman, of Governor of the Isle of Man. She is one of the most charming and handsome of women, and is so accomplished a musician that if she were compelled to earn her own living she could probably make a comfortable income by her pianoforte playing.

A Fairy Princess.

The Duchess of Cumberland is the youngest of the late King of Denmark's three lovely daughters (says a writer in *M.A.P.*). As Princess Thyra she was the baby of the family till the birth of her youngest brother, and she would have indeed been the spoilt darling of her elder brothers—that is, of the present King of Denmark, who is so soon to visit England, and the King of the Hellenes, as well as of her sisters, had not her parents caused her to be brought up very sensibly. She was taught the use of the needle as thoroughly as if her bread depended on it, and there is probably no Royal lady now living who can, unaided, make such beautiful things, for her technical skill is aided by unerring

A SOCIETY WIT.

Photo, Thomson.

Lady Dorothy Nevill, whose interesting reminiscences have just been published.

taste and a pretty fancy. She was just ten years old when her eldest sister, Princess Alexandra, became the wife of the then Prince of Wales, and three years later her other sister, Princess Dagmar, married the future Tsar. Princess Thyra grew up into a surpassingly beautiful girl; but, though suitors abounded, including, it is whispered, the late Prince Imperial, she did not show any desire to follow her sister's example. The Danish Royal family have always been singularly united, and she was happy in her quiet yet busy life with her parents and her brothers. She was for years her father's unofficial secretary, and he used to say he could not do without her, though ultimately, like humbler fathers, he had to.

A Romantic Marriage.

Princess Thyra had passed her twenty-fifth year when the Court world of Europe was electrified by the announcement of her betrothal to the Duke of Cumberland, son of the old blind King of Hanover, who had been despoiled of his crown in 1866, and had died in June, 1878. It is whispered that the young people first met at Sandringham in 1875; however that may be, they were married at Copenhagen in December, 1878. The Duke then, as now, refused to recognise the German Empire, in which his kingdom of Hanover had been absorbed, and he would not touch a penny either of the £60,000 a year assigned him as compensation, or of the £3,000,000 belonging to his father and seized in 1866. No doubt in this refusal he had the sympathy of his bride, who as a Danish Princess had no sympathy with the Prussians who had robbed her country of Schleswig-Holstein. The Duke was, however, independently very wealthy; he has a splendid estate at Gmünden, and a villa in Vienna.

Bogus Captain Taken Prisoner in Berlin.

The genial brigand who convulsed all Germany by raiding the Koepenick municipal treasury and arresting the burgomaster while masquerading as a captain in the 1st Guards Regiment, was arrested in a house in Lange Street, in the eastern quarter of Berlin.

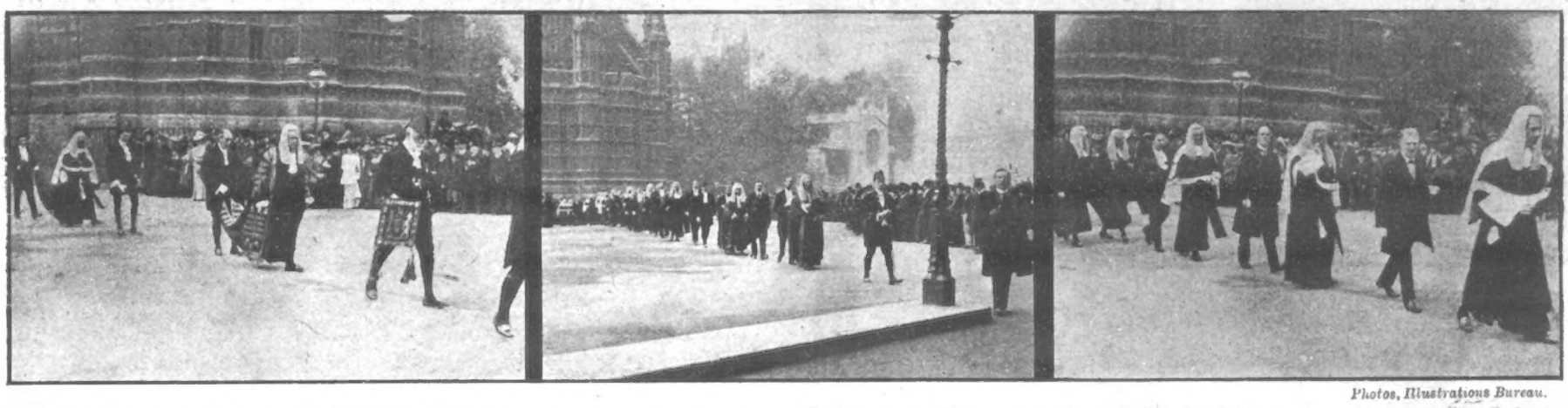
He now turns out to be an ex-convict shoemaker, named William Voigt, fifty-six years old, and he has spent twenty-seven years of his life in penal servitude.

Voigt's capture has caused a fresh outburst of merriment in Berlin. He is a slovenly, stoop-shouldered old man, with a flat nose and bad teeth, and never by the wildest flight of fancy could his appearance be considered military. The success of his coup is, therefore, all the more inexplicable.

Photo, Topical.

"The Koepenick Captain" caught. The humourous hoaxer who last week fooled the Mayor of Koepenick has been captured, and turns out to be an old jail bird who has followed the trade of a cobbler.

MEDIÆVAL LONDON: The Old-fashioned Judges' Procession to the House of Lords.

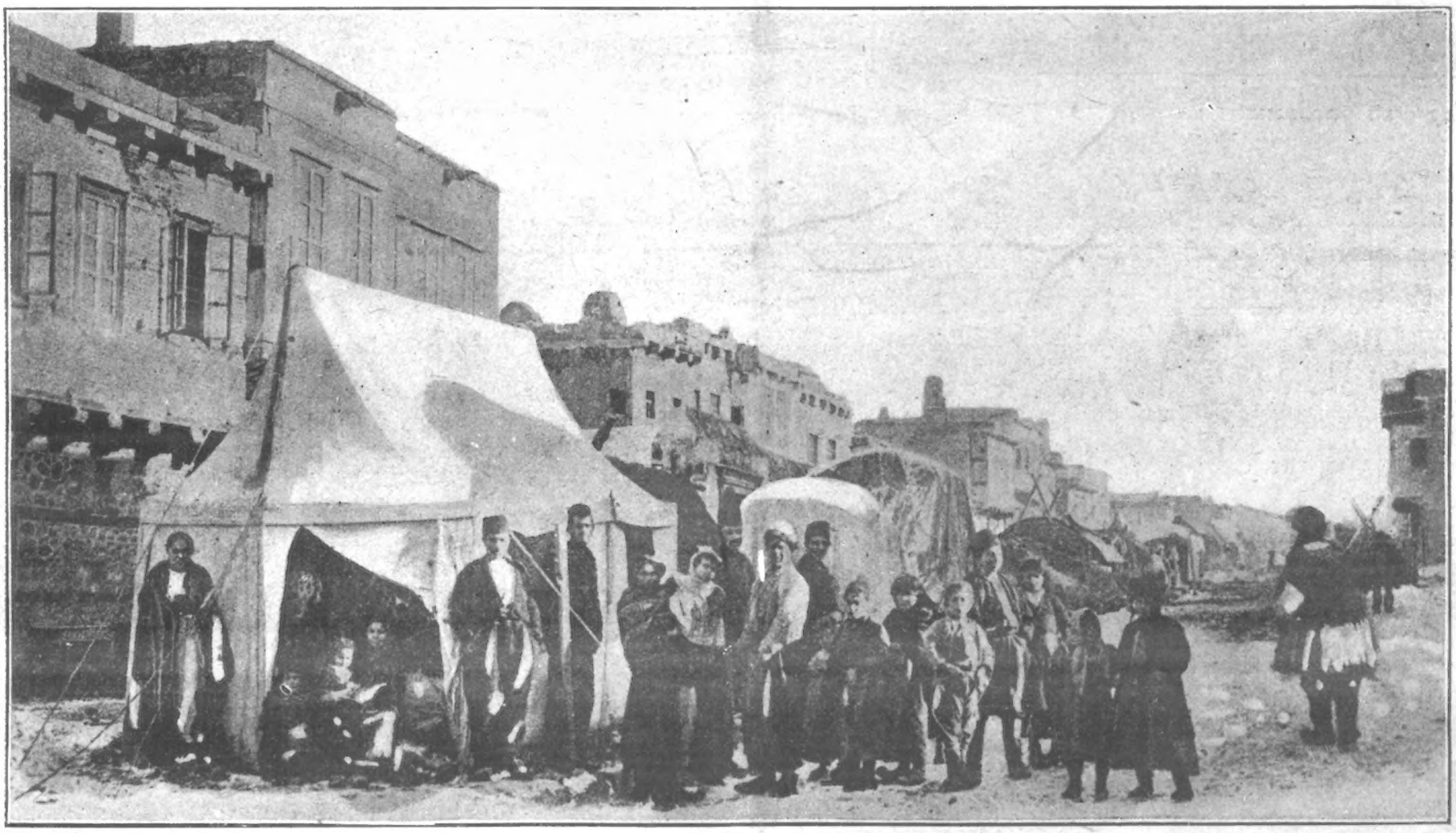


Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

RE-OPENING OF THE LAW COURTS: Procession of Judges from Westminster Abbey to the House of Lords. 1. The Lord Chancellor. 2 and 3. The Judges of the Chancery and King's Bench Division.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HOUSEWIFERY: The Bradford Education Committee are now having practical housekeeping lessons given to the girl scholars at their secondary schools. 1. In the laundry—girls being taught to wash their own clothes. 2. Cooking. 3. An ironing class.



TURKEY'S LITTLE EARTHQUAKE—SULTAN'S SUBJECTS SLEEPING IN TENTS IN THE STREETS: In comparison with the Chilian disasters, little has been heard of the severe earthquakes in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum, Turkey-in-Asia, but many unconsidered subjects of the Sultan have perished, and vast damage has been done throughout the district. The above photograph, which has just reached England, shows the curious tents erected in the streets of Erzeroum, in which hundreds of homeless people are now living

SOME STRANGE TRADES AND TRADESMEN.

Pictures of Interest from Near and Far.

Photos, Park.

FROM COUNTRY TO CARLTON—TROUT FOR THE CARLTON HOTEL: 1. Catching the trout. 2. Selecting. 3. The arrival at the Carlton Hotel, London.

Photo, Raffi.

RUSSIAN TRADESMEN: A furrier making hats from a sheepskin.

Photo, Raffi.

RUSSIAN TRADESMEN: A goldsmith's shop, showing the men at work.

Photo, "Leslie's Weekly."

RURAL LIFE IN AMERICA: A typical country store in the United States, which is used as the village club and news centre.

A REAL LIFE DRAMA.

Convicts Fight their way out of Gloucester Gaol, cross the river Severn, and, after an exciting chase through the Forest of Dean, are re-captured forty miles from the start.

The details of the escape read more like a romance than an actual incident in the twentieth century.

The ringleader of the gang is Michael Harnett, better known among his friends as "London Mick." It was he who took the first step in the bold bid for liberty, although it is thought that the gang were acting on a preconcerted plan, probably arranged between themselves while at exercise in the airing-yard.

Harnett's chance came when Warder Hall, an elderly man, visited his cell, No. 1 on the second tier, to take from him his day's work. Harnett handed it over without demur, the warder locking his door before he unlocked that of No. 2 cell. Directly, however, Harnett heard the other door unlocked he blew out his gas and shouted that his light had been blown out.

As soon as Warder Hall re-entered the first cell to ascertain the circumstances he received a stunning blow in the face. Though an elderly man, he stood to his duty, and called for his warder comrade, who was promptly attacked by the convict and overpowered.

The convict from the second cell came on the scene, and the two were more than a match for the warders. They flung the officials into the cell, took their keys, locked them in, and proceeded with the warders' keys to release the other convicts.

The imprisoned warders called for help, and the governor, aroused from his office, came into the corridor. He was promptly seized also.

"Sorry, governor! It can't be helped," exclaimed one of the convicts, as Mr. J. Finn was thrust into a cell.

The convicts then rushed for the main gate. The only obstacle was the warder on sentry duty. Upon him the convicts fell, taking from him the key of the gate, which they unlocked, and darted forth.

The flight of the convicts across the Severn is described by Harry Bubb, who is employed by a firm of warehousemen. His story is: "I was pulling up my boat to the mooring-place, after attending to an eel-net, on Thursday night about ten minutes to eight o'clock, when five men came rushing through the barrack-yard gates. My boat was about one foot from the bank, which is very steep, and some twenty yards from the steps where I was going to moor. They made across the road, down the bank, and three of them made a jump, as I supposed, to swim the river, but they leaped clean into the boat. This sent the boat further out, and the other two made a jump into the water, but they were quickly pulled aboard by the three. It was all done in a second or two.

"'What's up? I'm all right,' I said. 'That be hanged! It ain't all right with we. We're convicts 'got out, and don't you make no noise or we'll put your light out,' one of them replied.

"They were all in convicts' dress. The tallest banged me backwards and took the paddle from me. He tried to get the boat across, but couldn't.

"'Here,' he said, 'get hold of this,' giving me the paddle again, 'and be handy and put we over there, and don't make no noise. If you do, we'll—we'll kill you.'

"So," said Bubb, recalling the incident calmly, "that being so, I put them across; and I was glad to put them ashore on the other side, I can tell you."

The men disappeared into the night, but one grew sick of his companions and gave himself up at a railway signal-box. The signalman, H. E. Dunsby, says: "I told him to sit down on a bench away from the door, and he crouched over the fire, eyeing every now and then the supper laid out on my table.

"Seeing that he was half-dead with cold and hunger I told him to fall to, which he did heartily. He told me he had only served four months of a sentence for highway robbery with violence, of which he declared he was innocent. All this time I had to go on with my work, but I was ready at any moment for an attack. It would have been easy for him to have seized the poker and brained me.

"When I had got my information I told him I was going to send for

someone quite handy. He said nothing, but looked. I then telephoned for the police. By the time they arrived he was quite jovial."

At four o'clock the next morning the police-sergeant stationed at Westbury had just finished his round after visiting the last constable. He turned to go home, and just on the south side of Westbury saw coming towards him out of the mist four men. Having been told about the escape he waited and challenged them. "Hallo! where are you going to?" They were for the moment taken aback. The men stopped.

"What has that got to do with you?" said one.

"Everything," replied the sergeant, now thoroughly suspicious. "Let's have a look at you."

So saying, he struck a light. As the match flashed, the men found their way to the side, turned their heads away, but the sergeant had seen enough. He had seen the scrubby faces, and had recognised the handiwork of the prison barber. Quickly he ran his eye over them. One man had a Trilby hat drawn down over his eyes, jacket, and prison trousers. Another seemed to have got hold of a waistcoat, while they were all wearing arrow-marked trousers. There was no mistaking them.

For a moment things looked dangerous. It was four to one. Not another human being was in sight.

"Where did you say you came from?" asked the sergeant.

"London," was the surly reply. True enough, three of them had come from London, but that was some time ago.

The quartette then moved on, and the sergeant followed discreetly behind. To have interfered with them then would have meant perhaps death. They tramped on till the sergeant realised that they were going in the direction of Newnham. Thinking they were safe enough he got his whistle and ran round to a spot where he knew he would find a policeman, and the two started in pursuit.

Eventually the gang were captured the next afternoon whilst they were snatching a few hours' rest.

Mike Harnett, the ruling spirit of the mutiny, grinned at the constables. "I reckon the game's done," he said; "you've done us down now."

"Do you surrender?" asked the leading constable, adding sternly: "If you don't, I shall fire."—It was mere "bluff." The only weapon the constable held was a stout ash walking-stick.

"London Mike" laughed. "There ain't any need for you to do that, guv'nor," he said. "If you'll be men, we'll be men. Anyway, we're too done up to fight. Put the snicks on, only don't hurt more than you can help."

The handcuffs were snapped on the convicts' wrists, and they were told to rise.

Two of them had almost to be carried down. Their plight, and indeed the plight of the whole four of them, was pitiable. Mike's feet were naked.

Thorns had pierced the flesh. The two who had boots on might almost as well have gone barefooted. The leather hung in ribbons, and the soles were nearly given from the welts.

The arrival of the convicts in Gloucester was seen by few. They were brought to the Midland station by a train from Lydney which arrived at 4.5.

One by one the men stepped out of a carriage, and were conducted to a wagonette covered with an awning, and driven to the prison gates, that opened instantly.

As the wagonette passed through, "London Mike," half-rising from his seat, waved a hand to the free air as he shouted: "Say au revoir but not good-bye."

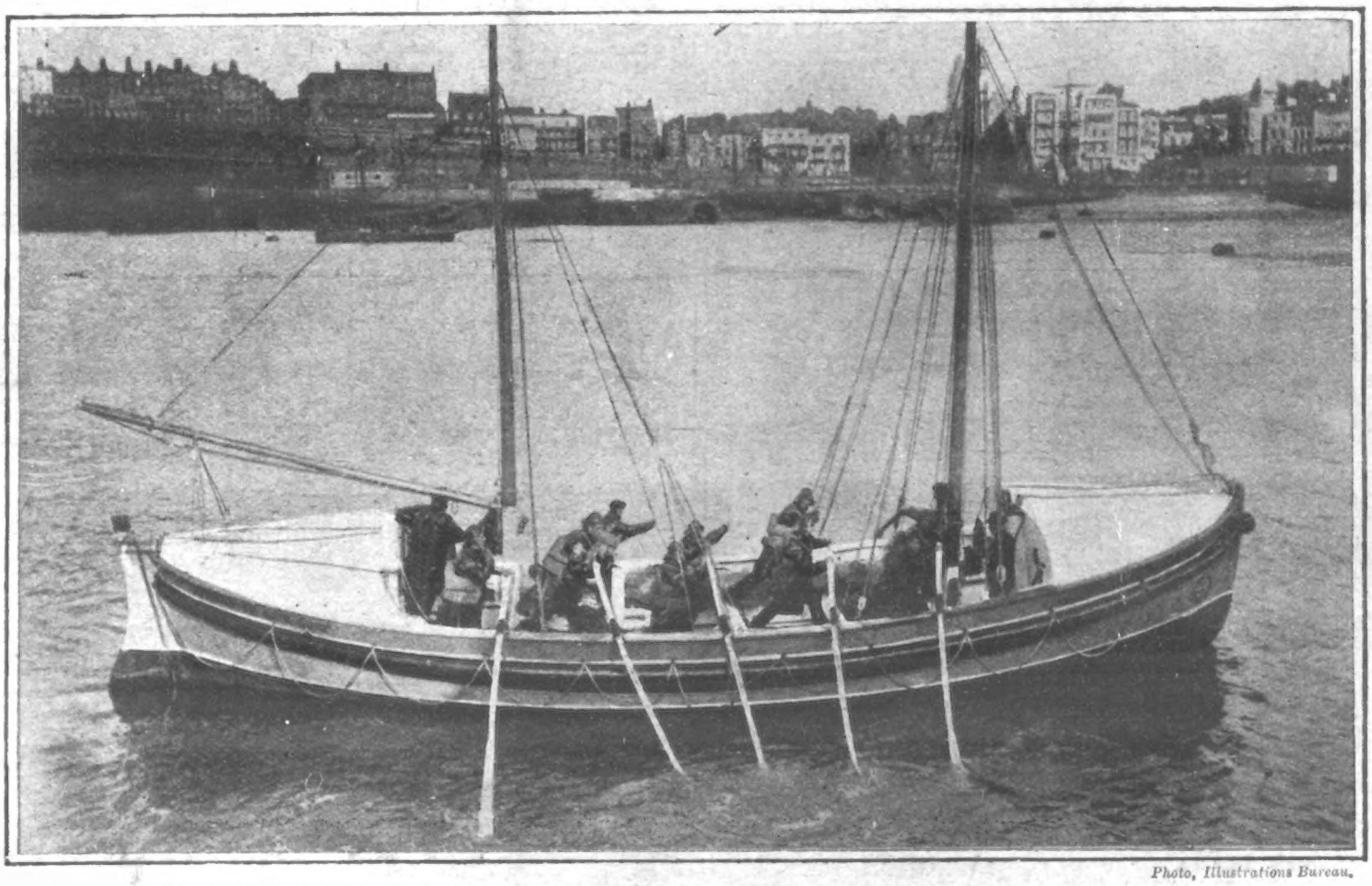
The Descents of Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Kipling is going through a most unusual evolution (says Vivian Carter in *The Bystander*). While he (like less distinguished authors) is getting older and older, his literary style gets younger and younger. H. started off some twenty years ago as a writer of stories, poems, and sketches for quite mature people. Having done his duty by the middle-aged, he turned his attention to youths, and gave us "Captains Courageous" and "Stalky and Co." Then, satisfied with his operations on schoolboys, he invaded the nursery, with "Just So Stories," and, lastly, with "Puck of Pook's Hill." His next departure I watch with keen interest, and have already sent out my requisition for "Goo-Goo Stories" and "The Cradle Book" (for baby readers), when in the fullness of time he sends them forth.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE RAMSGATE LIFEBOAT.

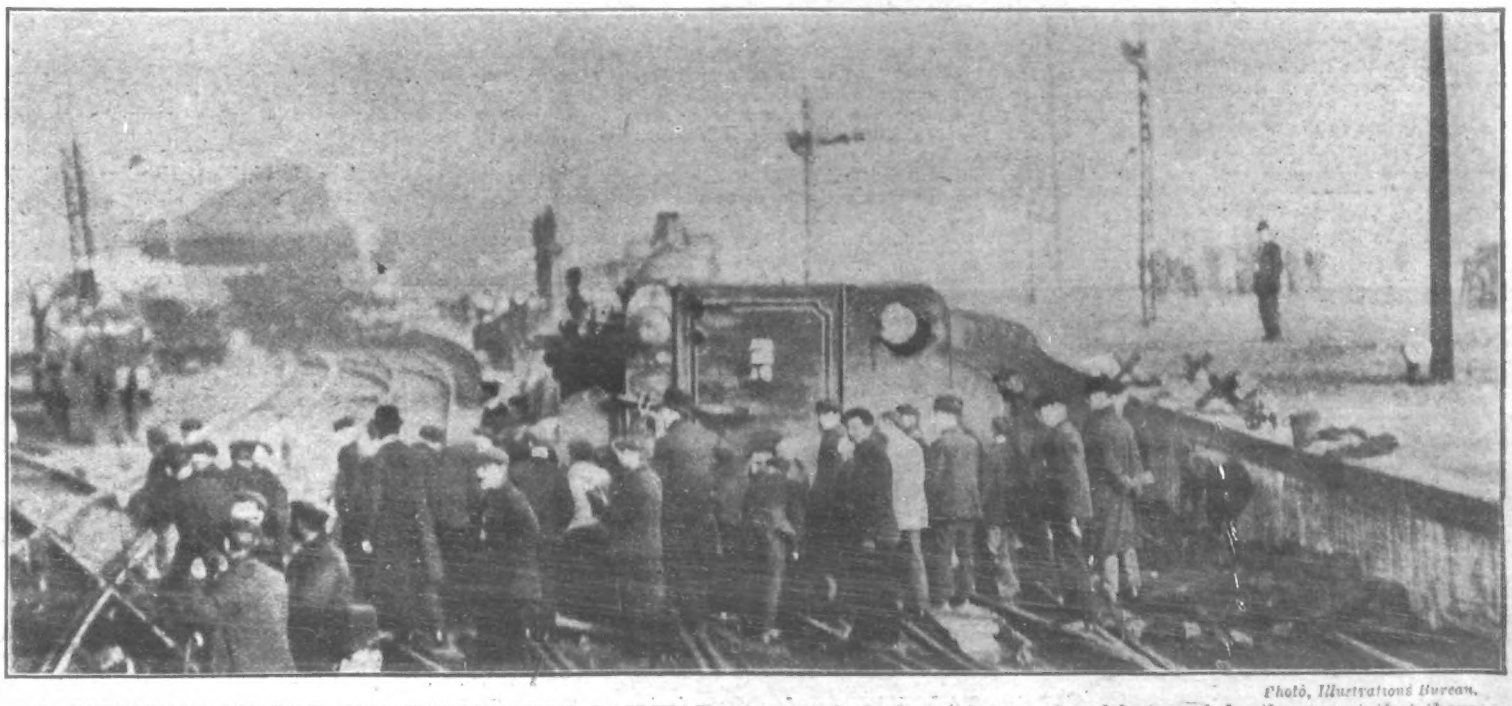
Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

A DAY WITH THE RAMSGATE LIFEBOATMEN: 1. Summoning help. 2. The captain of the lifeboat. 3. Putting on oilskins prior to starting for a wreck.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A DAY WITH THE RAMSGATE LIFEBOATMEN: The boat successfully launched and ready to put out to sea.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A COLLISION ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY: A great deal of anxiety was caused last week by the report that there had been a serious disaster near Peterborough. As a matter of fact, it was quite a slight collision, in which a tank engine was overturned, as shown in the photograph above.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Judging by the form that the South Africans have shown in recent matches they have none too rosy an outlook for the forthcoming international matches, the first of which is with Scotland on November 17. True, they beat Middlesex and Newport by superiority behind the scrummage, the margin in their favour in these matches being 9 points and 8 points respectively. But it is not a little curious that they should have met backs quite unable to press home the advantages that the British forwards obtained. It is almost incredible that such able exponents as Newport should not accept their opportunities, but such was the case last Saturday, and the famous "border" club suffered defeat by 1 goal and 1 try to nil.

Such a splendid judge of the game as A. J. Gould expressed his surprise at the tremendous speed of the South African three-quarters, and the old Welsh crack can be relied upon to give an unbiassed opinion. Forward, the South Africans have been held in many of the recent matches, and it says much for the capabilities of their back division that they have done so well. Singularly enough, they have a reinforcement coming over in Joubert, who is a full-back, whereas it is undoubtedly in the forward section that they need strengthening. Joubert is spoken of as a really remarkable back, but if he is better than Marsburg he must, indeed, be a wonder.

The League leadership has slipped from the grasp of the Arsenal, who went down before the United at Sheffield last Saturday by 4 goals to 2. However, this may only be a temporary set-back for the Woolwich team, and, at any rate, they are still in the running for the championship, for Everton, who are at present at top, can only claim a one-point advantage with a game more played. Newcastle United, who are second on the list by virtue of superior goal average, and Sheffield Wednesday have scored the same number of points as the Southerners, and the race between the leading four clubs is highly interesting.

In meeting Sheffield United away from home the Arsenal were undertaking a great task, but they have come through so many severe ordeals that their supporters confidently expected them to at least share the points at Bramall Lane. They did so well in the first half that they led by 2 goals to 1 at the interval, but, subsequently, the United had more of the play, and, with the Arsenal having the misfortune to lose Satterthwaite a quarter of an hour from the close, the United were able to claim a victory by 4 goals to 2.

The surprise of the First League match was the defeat of Aston Villa by Middlesbrough. The win of the Teesiders was all the more remarkable from the fact that the game was played on the Villa's ground, and that the winners hold the lowliest position in the League, having failed to win a match until the one under notice. Everton disposed of Bolton Wanderers by 3 goals to 1, and Blackburn Rovers gained a notable victory over Derby County by 5 goals to 1.

A heavy scoring match resulted from the meeting of Liverpool and Manchester City, the players finding the net on no fewer than nine occasions, the former claiming 5 goals and the latter 4. Manchester United and Birmingham had a very hard battle at Manchester, the former winning by 2 goals to 1, and a similar result was the outcome of the match between Newcastle United and Preston North End. Bristol City somewhat retrieved the honour of the South by beating Bury by 2 goals to nil, and the matches between Notts County and Sheffield Wednesday and Stoke and Sunderland were drawn.

Of the Southern clubs in the Second Division, Chelsea emerged successfully from their encounter with Grimsby Town, whom they beat by 2 goals to nil, and Clapton Orient did well to draw with Lincoln City. Burnley beat Leeds City by 1 goal to nil, but the game was chiefly remarkable from the fact that David Wilson, the Leeds centre forward, received injuries during the match which caused his death. Nobody seems to have met him in rough contact, and the unfortunate player's death, which naturally cast a gloom over Leeds football circles, can only be attributed to misadventure.

Photos, P.I.P.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN FOOTBALL TEAM AT RICHMOND: 1. The Middlesex men coming on to the ground. 2. A Line out. 3. Roos, the S.A. captain, leads his men out to victory.

There was a full day in Southern League circles, and Fulham, by drawing with Plymouth Argyle on the latter's ground, retained their leadership, and solidified their position by beating Tottenham Hotspur last Monday. The latter could only draw with Leyton on the latter's ground on Saturday, and Millwall gained a popular victory over Swindon by 2 goals to 1. Another good win was that of Luton, who did very well to beat the Crystal Palace team by 1 goal to nil, this being the first victory of the Bedfordshire men in seven games against the Palace.

Brentford, playing at Griffin Park, had a hard battle with Norwich City, and, though they won by 2 goals to 1, the victory was a somewhat lucky one, for Norwich certainly had quite as much of the play as their conquerors. Brighton and Hove were two goals the better of Queen's Park Rangers, and Southampton proved that they are returning to form by beating New Brompton on the Kent club's ground. West Ham and Portsmouth met at Portsmouth, the victory going to the home side by the odd goal in 7, while Reading beat Northampton by 5 goals to nil, and Watford drew with Bristol Rovers, no goals being scored.

In what are known as "friendly" matches Oxford University proved to be in form by beating a strong team of Casuals, and Ilford, one of the best amateur teams in the country, were too good for the Royal Navy by 3 goals to 1. Clapton, another of our best amateur clubs, thrashed Oxford City by 7 goals to nil, and on that form it would appear that Herbert Smith's old club is rather weak this season.

Mr. Andrew Ernest Stoddart, one of the finest of all-round sportsmen, was married last Saturday. He was playing golf in the morning, his partner in a foursome being the clergyman that officiated in the more important event in the afternoon, while his opponents were his "best man" and the church organist. The latter two won the game! Mr. Stoddart has delighted cricketers in many parts of the world; he has had few equals as a Rugby three-quarter, and he is a high-class golfer. He is now secretary to the Queen's Club, West Kensington.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

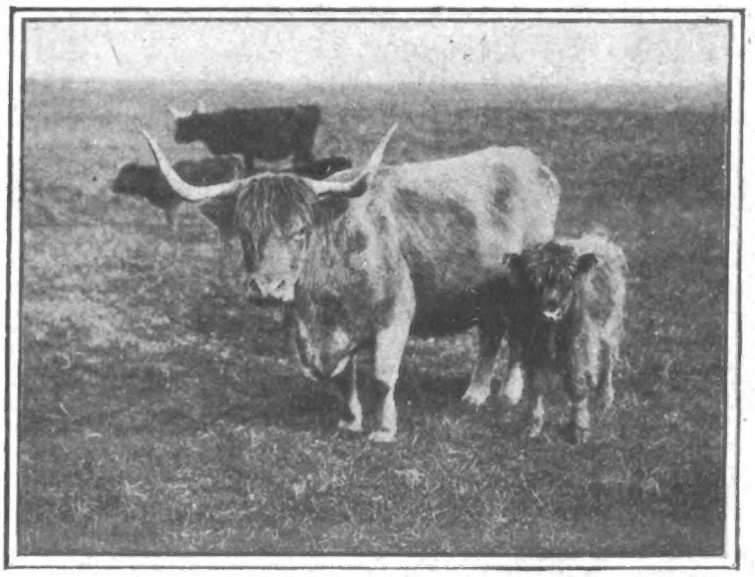
One thing that must strike the ordinary observer of matters in the athletic world is the absence of a preponderating figure. More especially is this so in cross-country circles. Time was when the famous Thames Hare and Hound runner, Percy Stenning, stood head and shoulders above his fellows. Then came G. A. Dunning, of the old Clapton Beagles, and, a little later, Walter George and William Surrk, both runners of exceptional quality, and there were other good men and true who could have easily lost some of the present-day aspirants to championship honours. However, the season may yet spring a surprise, though where it is to come from is not very clear at the moment.

The Blackheath Harriers, second oldest of London's paper-chasing clubs, are always to the fore in enterprise. Last Saturday they decided an eight miles walking race, the start taking place at Chislehurst and finishing at their headquarters at Blackheath Hill. The winner turned up in A. E. Harding, who covered the course in 62mins. 48 4-5secs. T. E. Hammond, late record-holder of the London-to-Brighton walk, could only get second; another good walker, J. T. Jull, was third, and E. H. Neville fourth.

The Thames Valley Harriers decided a two and a half miles road handicap at Isleworth, C. Stark winning with a start of 50secs. The Thames Hare and Hounds' Short-distance Challenge Cup over a course in the vicinity of Roehampton, was won by C. T. Chowne, and the five miles novices handicap of the United Hospitals Hare and Hounds resulted in a win for R. T. Brotchie, of London Hospital, his time being 31mins. 32½secs.

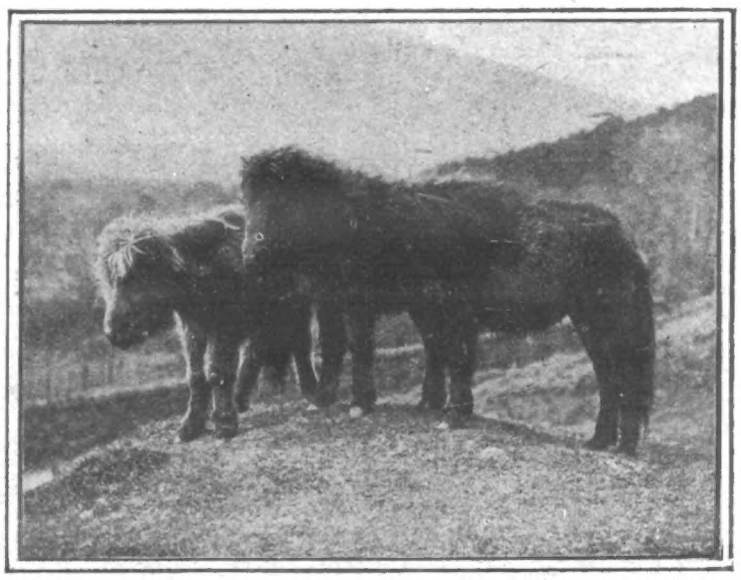
The three miles road handicap of the United Harriers was won by H. Fernie, who passed the judges first, with a liberal allowance of 2mins. 15secs. The Hampstead Harriers brought off a five miles scratch race and sealed handicap from their headquarters at East Finchley, the winner of the level event being F. Morris, and the successful one in the handicap proving to be J. Field, who had the generous start of 7mins. 20secs.

The Cambridge Harriers decided a two and a half miles road handicap, J. V. Beedle winning with a start of 57secs. The Slough Harriers' programme consisted of a three miles scratch race and sealed handicap. J. Howard won the scratch race and also the handicap from the back-mark. A strong muster of members rewarded the Crouch End Harriers for their enterprise in promoting a three miles handicap, R. Drummond being the winner, and the three miles road handicap of the Shaftesbury Harriers resulted in favour of F. Phillips.



Photo, Reid.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: Highland Cattle.

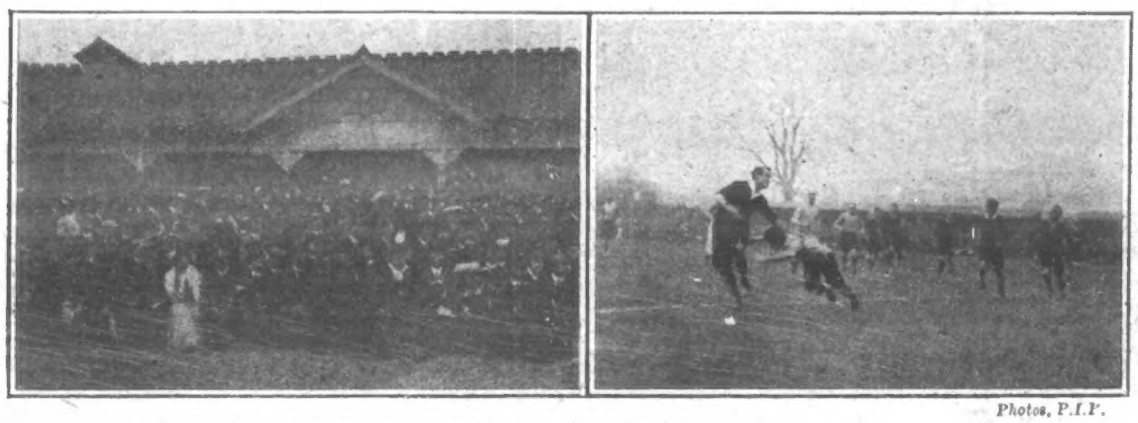


Photo, Reid.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: Shetland ponies.

Bad Habits of the Smart Set.

The personal requirements of the youth of the present day in the so-called "Smart" Set are multitudinous as compared to those of their grandparents. For instance, a custom commonly indulged in now, and one of which young hostesses have been heard to complain, as giving so much extra "still room" work, is that of the young men guests who require their eight o'clock cup of tea, a habit, this, relegated but a short time ago to the elderly or delicate woman, and one which, not so many years ago, would, in the case of young men, have been chaffed out of court. The young married woman it was who originally started the now ever-prevalent habit of breakfasting in bed, or at least in the privacy of her own rooms; and (says *The Gentlewoman*) to such an extent does the habit prevail now, even amongst quite young girls, that a distinguished hostess was recently driven to the brilliant idea of actually having her breakfast menus placed the previous night in each of her guests' rooms, with the modest request affixed that, as early as possible, the recipient would be graciously pleased to intimate to the servants what, out of the long list of breakfast delicacies, she would wish served to her in the morning, at any hour convenient to herself. This is carrying things too far. In one matter alone has the stringent etiquette of the past not been allowed to lapse. This is the matter of the dinner-hour. This function is quite immovable even in these days, when once the hour is stated, and one which, after all, is still in the hands of the host more than in that of our hostess. Here, at least, no apologies are taken for a late appearance, and the master and mistress of the house need never dream of giving more than two minutes' law, any more than were they standing in the shoes of their ancestors, with whom rigid punctuality was the very soul of good breeding.



Photos, P.I.P.

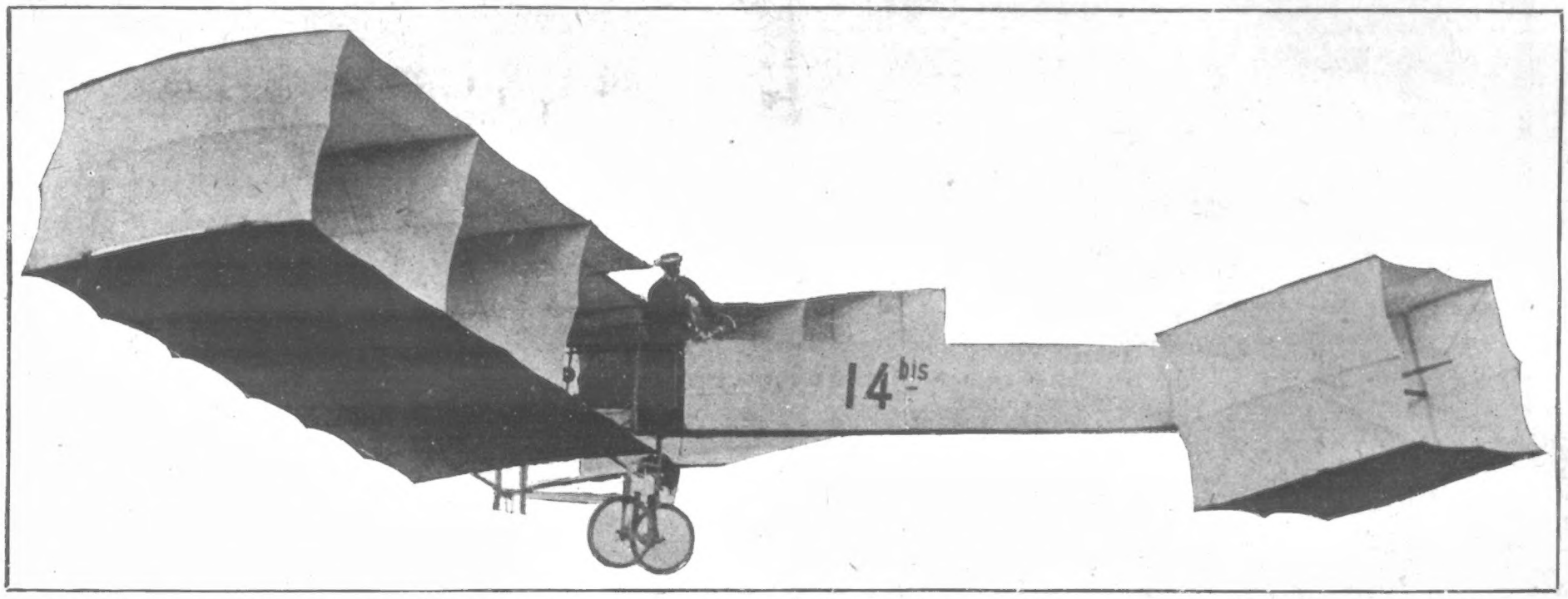
THE "BOKKEN" DEFEAT MIDDLESEX AT RICHMOND: 1. Some of the spectators. 2. The South Africans gain a try.

Photo, P.I.P.

C. Triggs, the jockey who rode five winners in succession at Worcester races.

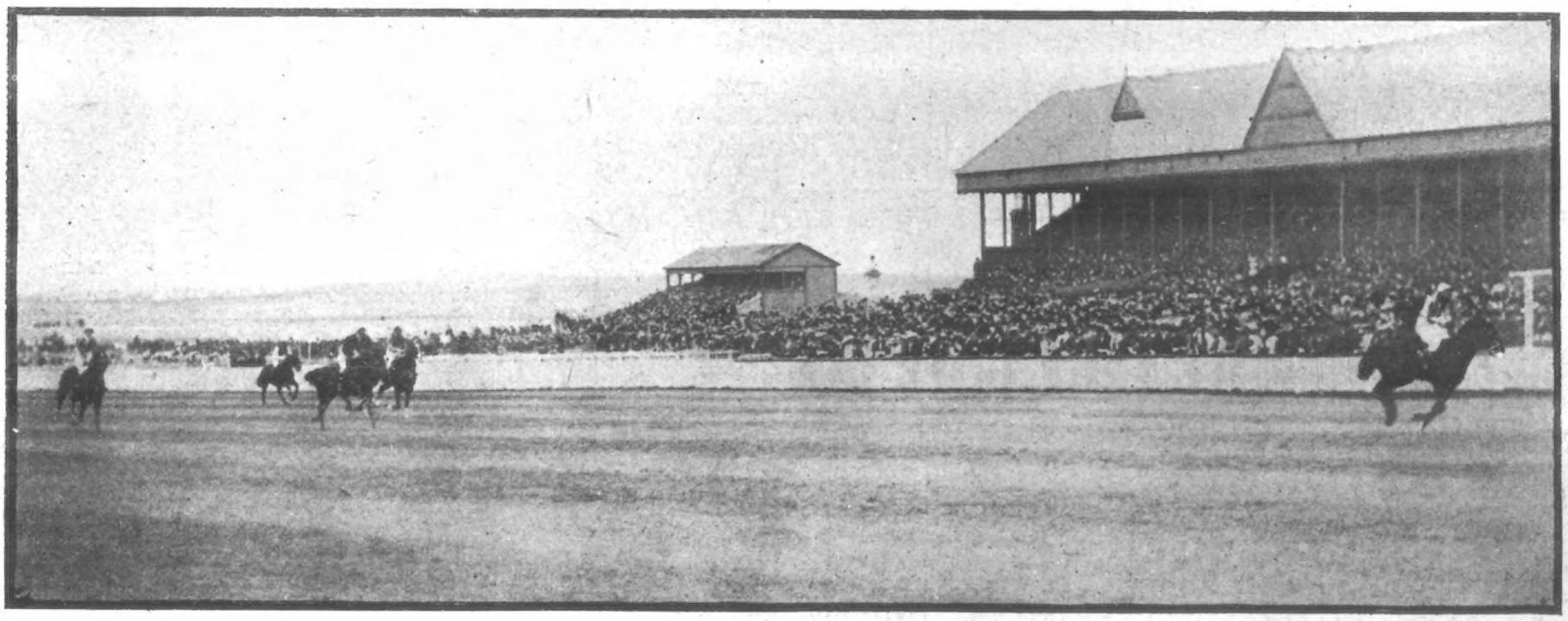
THE FIRST REAL FLYING MACHINE.

M. Santos-Dumont's Latest Invention which has just made a Successful Trial in Paris.



CONQUEST OF THE AIR. M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S AERIAL MOTOR-CAR.—M. Santos-Dumont has won the Archdeacon Cup by flying about seventy yards in his new aeroplane, The Bird of Prey, which fulfils the condition of being heavier than air. The machine, which weighs 550lbs., is constructed in three sections, on the box-kite system, and consists of two wings and a rudder. The latter, which is oblong in shape, and with two large box-kites at the end, is built at the front of the machine. It controls the direction of the aeroplane, either to the left or right, or up or down. In the body of the machine is the steering car, which is mounted on two pneumatic wheels, resting on the ground before flight. The 50-h.p. petrol motor, with which the machine is fitted, is capable of driving the 6ft. aluminium propeller at 1,500 revolutions a minute.

Photo, P.I.P.



Photo, P.I.P.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS: THE START AND FINISH OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE. WON BY POLYMELUS.

THE OPERA SEASON: Some Characteristic Attitudes by Dudley Tennant.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. David Bispham's coming production, "The Vicar of Wakefield," at one of Mr. Curzon's theatres, has led some of us to suppose that Mr. Curzon is producing the piece. But this is not so. It is Mr. Bispham's, "lock, stock, and barrel." Moreover, Mr. John Coates, whose name has crept into the cast, has nothing whatever to do with the production. The "book" is based on the salient features of the novel, but some incidents have been eliminated from the play. The ending is happy. Squire Thornhill is not so black as he's been painted. We hear nothing of the vicar's imprisonment, or fire at his home, or his son's love entanglement.

The first act is laid in the vicar's garden (says a writer in the *Daily Express*), the second is in a cornfield at the rear of the house, with a picture of the men reaping the standing grain; the third takes us into the vicar's cottage on Christmas morning, and shows us Olivia's return on the arm of her father.

Mr. Bispham thinks the moment is opportune for such a production. "It will be the half-way house between grand opera and musical comedy. Many a man," says Mr. Bispham, "cannot afford Covent Garden, and regards musical comedy as a waste of time. I hope, with Mme. Lehmann's music and the people I have engaged to sing it, to bridge that gulf." By the way, Mrs. Theodore Wright has not a note to sing. To her we shall look for merely good acting. Mrs. Theodore Wright beautifies whatever she touches. We see her far too seldom.

Mr. Bispham at first thought of casting the piece in America and playing it there. "I looked round," he says, "for the people, but could find nobody I wanted. When I got to London they dropped into my lap. I may have been specially unfortunate in America, but, so far as I could see, there was a dearth of good musical artists—at any rate, suitable to the work I had for them."

Miss Gertie Millar becomes "The New Aladdin" in a fortnight or so, and she will come into a full-blown success. But those who watch the piece from the front have little idea of the elaborate arrangements made under the stage for the fun of seeing Miss Ediss and Mr. Payne and Mr. Grossmith and Mlle. Deslys making their entrances and exits through the traps. Eight thoroughly experienced men are told off for the work, and during the whole business of these ascents and descents they are working at pressure with their eyes steadily fixed on the signals.

It is most interesting. As Miss Connie Ediss, say, finishes her lines Mr. Cathcart at the wing begins his signalling. There is a little clock-like arrangement under the stage, and as the final line is reached you see a red light. This is "Stand by." Another moment or two out goes the red, and a white light tells the men, "Get ready." A blue light is next seen, and in a moment open goes the trap and down comes Miss Ediss.

Miss Ethel Cadman, who will appear in the title *rôle* of "Miss Hook of Holland," Mr. Paul Rubens' next musical comedy, secured the D'Oyly Carte opera prize at sixteen. She is twenty-two, has played leading *rôles* in the Moody-Manners Opera Company, and shone in such trying parts as Margaret in "Faust," Violetta in "La Traviata," Elsa in "Lohengrin," etc. Her voice, carefully trained at the Guildhall School, has volume and power, and evinces good technique. Add that she has ease and "repose" in her acting, and it will be seen that Mr. Rubens has secured a "leading lady" whose equipment for her new task is formidable and complete.

Henri Cot, the French giant, and Prince Colibri, a midget of midgets, are the "star" turns of the programme at the Hackney Empire this week, followed by "Welcome Home" Hutt, the well-known acrobatic comedian, Annie Abbott, Lily Tiso, Millie Payne, Harry Lawson, the Strolling Players, Herr Fritz, Albertus and Millar, and the Wotpert Trio. Wilkie Bard "stars" at the Holloway Empire; Kent and Keith, Jimmy Shields, Nellie Stratton, Aurora Troupe, James Stewart, Amoros-Werner Troupe, and the bioscope also figure in the programme.

Miss Marie Dainton gets home triumphantly with her new song at the Pavilion. She is imitating Miss Edna May, and her song, which goes with a chuckle of delight all over the house, is:

Why do they call me a picture girl,
picture girl, picture girl?
Why all this fuss about Camille Clifford?
That's the reason we two have differed.
If I were to marry a duke or an earl,
I'd get £200 a week as a picture girl.

The chuckle, of course, grows into a roar of merriment as the song proceeds, for Miss Dainton has not only hit the one topic of the hour, she has seized Edna May's little vocal inflections to perfection. Then she "guys" Miss Clifford, Mrs. Patrick Campbell—excellent this!—in a scene from "The Bondman." Miss Connie Ediss (indignant at being taken for "La Milo"—"simply because we both dress in white"), and then comes an excellent skit on Miss Marie Tempest singing her "Nightingale" song—with those interminable pauses in the refrain. This is undoubtedly the smart turn at the Pavilion—for every little weakness of the front-rankers is travestied right out of court.

An entertainment under the general direction of Mr. Leo Trevor will be given on December 11, 12, and 13, at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the Kensington General Hospital. It will be under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. Professionals as well as amateurs will assist in the entertainment, which will consist of "Humpty Dumpty," a fairy comedietta by Mr. Hubert Colegrave, and a new musical children's play, "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Major Philip Trevor. The Kensington General Hospital, which has recently been reorganised, is in urgent need of funds. Tickets for the entertainment can be obtained of Lady FitzGeorge, 12 Eaton Square, S.W.; Baroness de Voynish, St. James's Court, S.W.; Mrs. Basil Tozer, 124 Elm Park Mansions, S.W.; and Mr. E. Canny Ryall, 30 Harley Street, W.; or of the hon. secretaries, Dr. Moyle O'Connor and Mr. Rudolph B. Birnbaim, St. James's Court, S.W.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree reappeared at His Majesty's last Monday in "Colonel Newcome" after a provincial tour enlivened by controversy and sprinkled with speeches and receptions. The enthusiasm at His Majesty's was very great. The actor's performance kindled the warmest admiration, and there were many misty eyes when Thomas Newcome at the finish cried "Adsum" to the Great Roll-call.

The two huge trumpets, resembling ventilating shafts on an ocean steamer, which have been in use during the past weeks on the Queen's Hall Orchestra, have been looked upon my many patrons of the recent promenade concerts as part of an improved system of ventilation.

The supposed ventilators are, however, parts of a new invention by the Hon. Charles A. Parsons, called the Auxetophone, respecting which he supplies the following explanation:

The Auxetophone is a pneumatic device for increasing the volume and richness of tone of stringed instruments, and is worked by air supplied by a blower in the basement of the building. It consists of a small comb-like valve made of aluminium which is connected to the front wood of the instrument near the "bridge," and vibrates in response to the natural tones produced by the player. This valve controls the exit of the air from a small box fed from the blower into a large spiral-shaped trumpet, which emits sound waves identical in quality and intonation, but richer in tone and larger in volume than those produced by the instrument itself unaided by the Auxetophone.

At the Queen's Hall the Auxetophone has so far been applied to one double bass only, but it is claimed that it is also applicable to the violoncello, viola, and violin, and some other stringed instruments.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

ANOTHER BELLE: Miss Maudi Darrell impersonating Miss Edna May at the Aldwych Theatre.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

ANOTHER GIBSON GIRL: Miss Sydney Fairbrother impersonating Miss Camille Clifford at the Aldwych Theatre.

Owing to the great success of "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion Theatre, Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen announces that after this week Wednesday matinées will be given of Mr. Tarpey's amusing play, in addition to the Saturday matinées already announced.

Mr. Charles Hannan's new three-act farcical comedy, "The Electric Man," will be produced at the New Royalty Theatre early in November. Mr. Harry Nicholls has been engaged to play the title *rôle*.

Mr. G. P. Huntley will appear as Mr. Hook, the father of the heroine in the new musical play by Mr. Paul Rubens, entitled "Miss Hook of Holland," which Mr. Frank Curzon is producing at Christmas. Miss Ethel Cadman is the heroine. Mr. George Barrett has a comedy part, and other *rôles* are filled by Miss Gwennie Brogden and Miss Gladys Ivery. The first scene is in the Dutch cheese market, and the second takes place in the business-room of a distillery during a *fête*. The story is woven round a famous liqueur, the secret of which is lost, and the *fête* in the second act takes place on the anniversary of its discovery.

Stage Aspirants.

The stage has been aptly termed "the pirate of the professions." Outside the famous theatrical families few young men are ever intended by their pastors and masters to attain glory behind the footlights. Thus Sir Charles Wyndham began life as a doctor, Mr. H. B. Irving was called to the Bar, Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Weedon Grossmith were painters, and Mr. Tree's father had decided that he should be a soldier.

It has been said that 90 per cent. of the inhabitants of the world believe in their hearts that they could write a play if they cared to take the trouble (says a writer in the *Daily Express*), and everyone believes he could be a tolerable actor if he wanted to.

This is a popular superstition. Given the histrionic temperament (and I have no recipe for its discovery), the stage aspirant stands small chance of obtaining engagements without study and preparation. Mr. Tree's school in Bloomsbury offers the best training-ground, perhaps, at a comparatively small cost.

After the course at the dramatic school the young actor should endeavour to obtain an engagement with Mr. Benson or any other provincial manager who plays a repertoire of dramas. His pay will be very small, and his work very hard.

But the well-trained man with experience in a good stock company is fairly certain to find employment as constantly as the exigencies of the profession allow.

For even the good actor has woefully long periods of "resting," heart-breaking and often demoralising. "Ten pounds a week on the stage means a hundred a year." It is a hard saying, but hardly exaggerated. It is at least worth bearing in mind.

About the professions of the painter and the sculptor one can say little. Great ability and long training may spell financial success, but even this combination is not certain.

In a way it is, of course, unworthy to discuss the finance of art, since the artist, if he be an artist, works because he must work and for the work's sake. But even the artist must live, and it is wise, if philistinic, to advise no man to devote his life to art unless he possesses a private income.

There is certainly a smaller market for "second best" pictures nowadays than there was a generation ago, thanks to the cheap reproduction, the increased numbers of luxuries, and the general bad times. On the other hand, black-and-white work offers an ever increasing field. But the labourers are many, and the pay is not high.

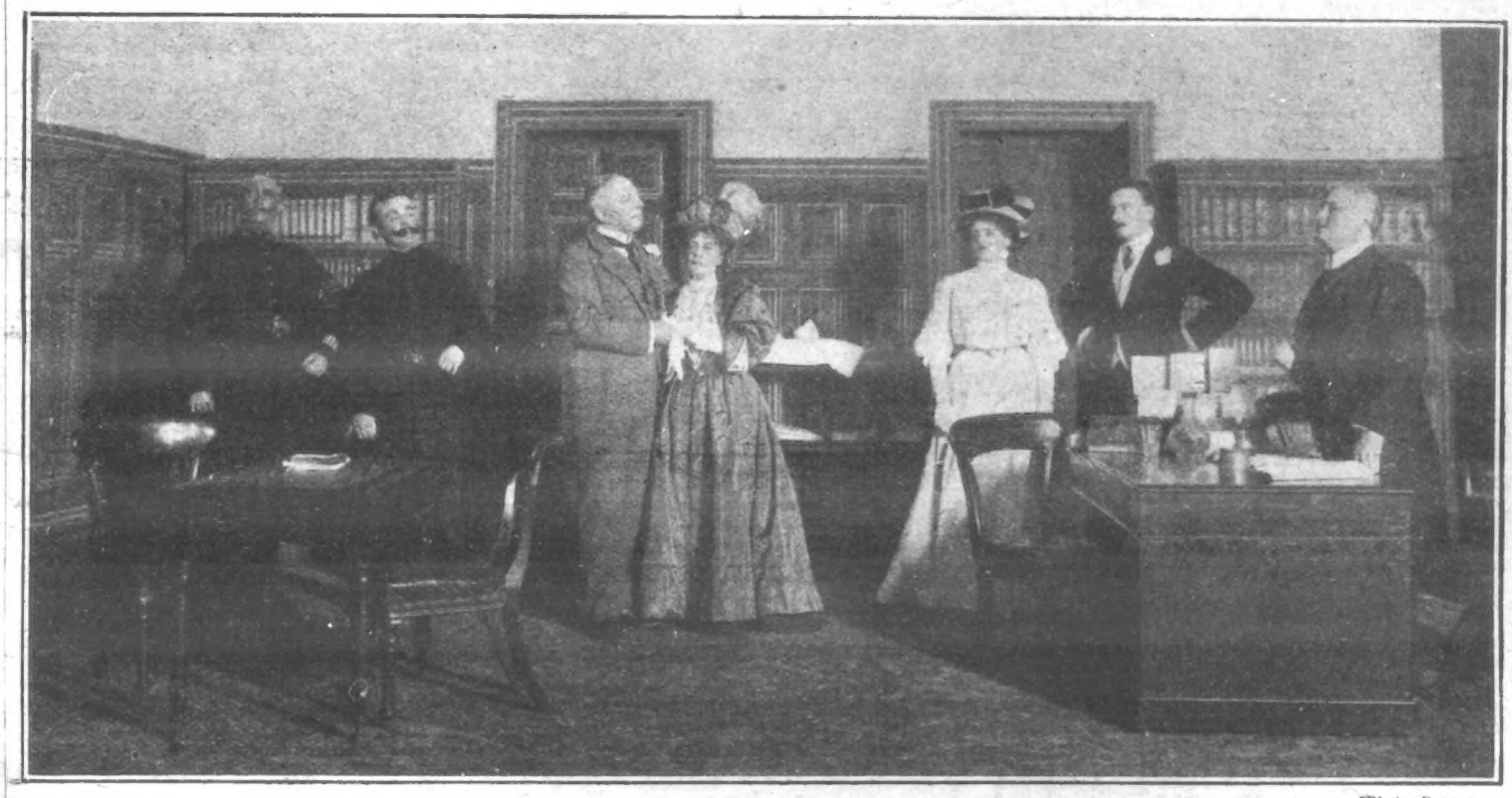
A Temperance Wave.

Dining at a popular restaurant on the boulevards (says the Paris correspondent of the *Bystander*), I was struck with the small quantity of liquid consumed during the meal. At the five tables within eye-reach there was not a single bottle of wine nor beer, and the water-bottles were full. Among the eighteen people there was one half-bottle of St. Galmier ordered for a child of ten. Parisians are taking their *apéritifs* as usual; their coffee after luncheon; and an occasional *bock* during the evening; but they are not drinking with their food.

PLAYS IN PICTURES: Some Recent London Successes.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

"COMPROMISING MARTHA." THE BRIGHTLY WRITTEN ONE-ACT PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET: 1. Miss Elfrida Clement as "Monica," Mr. E. W. Tarver as the curate, a love passage in Martha's cottage. 2. Miss Florence Haydon as "Martha," Miss Lydia Rachel as the neighbour. Martha: "They might as well accuse me of carrying on with the vicar." 3. Curate: "But suppose Martha finds me in this cupboard?" Monica: "You, you must say you did it for fun!"



Photo, Bassano.

"THE AMATEUR SOCIALIST" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE: Scene III.—In the magistrate's retiring room. Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's clever comedy will probably prove one of the most successful plays of the season.

Photos, Bassano.

THE "CURTAIN RAISER" AT THE CRITERION: A Scene from "The Lemonade Boy," a clever little play by Gladys Unger, that precedes "The Amateur Socialist."

A KING'S EXAMPLE.

"King Edward has most wisely set the example of short and simple meals, an example now followed by nearly all classes of his subjects."

Thus writes a professional caterer, addressing his "friends in the trade" and urging them to bring their methods into line with these new ethics of cookery.

King Edward, in his wholesome taste for simplicity, follows hard upon the counsels of the most eminent medical men. The distinguished Dr. Ott, under whose care our Sovereign places himself during the annual visit to Marienbad, is a notable upholder of Simplicity in living and eating, and our own Sir Francis Laking, Physician and Surgeon Apothecary to the King and the Prince of Wales, goes even further than Dr. Ott, for Sir Francis not only tells us what we ought not, but what we ought, to eat.

Currant bread, either White or Hovis, fills a highly important place among the list of daily foods which he considers suitable for all classes of society. The great doctor points to the wonderful food-values of the Currant, and frankly states his opinion that bread, when amply enriched with currants, is, in itself, a diet sufficiently nourishing and sustaining to maintain the health, stamina, and fighting power of a marching army.

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"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet.*
"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*
. . For . .
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Purveyors by Special Appointment to
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Rheumatism.
The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chillie Paste,** and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/1½, 1/6, & 2/9 bottles from all chemists, or post free from
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Smedley's Paste.

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These are only a few of the outstanding characteristics of
'CAMP' COFFEE
Buy a bottle and test it All grocers sell it.
R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Some Charming Camisoles.

A camisole which possesses a puff-sleeve is always well-liked. A very dainty one for wearing under transparent blouses has a yoke back and front of lace and Swiss insertion, and both sleeves and yoke are daintily run with ribbon. The little garment reaches to the waist only and is Irish peasant-made, at the price 2s. 11¾d. Another one in cambric has a low neck edged with lace and puff sleeves similarly edged with lace, and threaded with ribbon. This, at the price of 2s. 6¾d. Fashioned in Japanese silk, the price is 4s. 6¾d., or with high neck and long sleeves it makes a very useful slip indeed for the sum of 4s. 11¾d. A very pretty camisole for evening wear is made without sleeves, with ribbon shoulder-straps. Rows of insertion and lace form a trimming round the bust, and down the front there is also a plastron of lace. It is very smartly threaded with ribbon, and the price—4s. 6¾d.—is distinctly moderate for the effect obtained.

Photo, Halftones.

Joska Fzigeli, the clever young violinist, in his study.

Camisole Underslips.

Very useful underslips are now being made with elbow sleeves, and serve the double purpose of camisole and blouse slip. A square-necked one is very pretty, high at the back and low in the front, with the square trimming carried out in front by two rows of insertion. Groups of pin tucks dispose of the fulness at the waist. A rounded neck with elbow sleeves has vandyked insertions of lace. Another one is made in baby fashion with a full gathered effect and puffed sleeves to the elbow, price only 2s. 6½d. At 1s. 11¾d. a low, square-cut neck may be obtained, with groups of pin tucks set into the yoke.

A New Feature in Lingerie

Skirt knickers, with deep shaped band and very wide legs, are a new feature in ladies' underwear. When donned, this little garment has all the appearance of a short French petticoat. The prices start at 4s. 11¾d., but where the fulness is accordion pleated instead of gathered, at 5s. 9d. During the winter, when dark petticoats are worn, they would be very useful for wearing over flannel and woollen underwear, as the fulness, which is their special feature, would enable them to be slipped on and off easily.

Good Style and Cheap.

Marmot is a fur which closely resembles sable and always has a good appearance. Quite a marvel of cheapness is a shaped marmot collar stole reaching to the waist, with six tails falling below the waist-line, price 10s. 9d. The flat muff to match costs 8s. 11d., thus making the whole set well under a sovereign. A charming little set of black caracul in similar style with shaped collar, stole, and flat muff costs twenty-seven shillings complete. Both these furs wear admirably and give an infinitely better return for their money than possibly cheaper sets or more showy for the price, such as white hare, or Foxaline, which never look suitable in wet or dirty weather, which is bound to occur in winter. However carefully white fur is worn, it will rarely last through a season without cleaning, and even if the expenditure is only a few shillings it means added expense to the original cost of the set. A shaped white hare collar stole can be obtained, price 10s. 9d., and muff with tails 12s. 9d., and is undeniably smart for best wear; but for general wear, to look suitable at all times and smart upon occasion, nothing can surpass the effect of caracul, marmot, or moleskin. Pretty little sets of moleskin, trimmed with chenille fringe, can be bought for 32s. 6d. complete.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

"THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR": The latest portrait of Miss Phyllis Dare, and her father, Mr. Dones

Photo, Thirwell.

LADY CASTLEREAGH RIDING ASTRIDE: Her ladyship is a charming exponent of the "astride" method of riding for ladies. In the privacy of her estate, at Windsor, she practises the mode, and, as the above photograph shows, with no absence of dignity and grace. Lady Castlereagh is a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin.

"Rods of Silk."

It was in a quaint old volume that this title met our eyes, and we concluded that it was a paradoxical expression having reference to the method in which children and subordinates should be governed. It proved to be the fanciful name applied by the Chinese to silk-worms, and we closed the volume with the conviction that the term was better adapted to the idea that we originally had in mind, than to the industrious creature that produces the fine texture so much in demand.

We often speak of a person ruling with a rod of iron and we do not feel particularly anxious to come personally under this style of government. So far as children are concerned, such very strict treatment frequently fails in its object, which is to make the little ones grow up perfect examples of good men and women; and this severe method can often be dispensed with. To rule with a rod of silk should be the desire and aim of everyone: there should be a mere symbol of authority, not the actual and constant use of it.

The rod of silk would inspire the same obedience, in one respect, as the blue coat of the policeman; it is not that it has so much power in itself but it represents the power behind it! It is moral force. The rod of iron irritates and often does harm; the rod of silk would exemplify the desire to rule by love rather than by fear.

Some will call this idea a fantastic notion, but those who give thought to the matter will afterwards catch themselves making use of the term "a rod of silk." The severity of the martinet, who rules with his rod of iron, produces instances similar to that which we recently met. "I am nearly seventy, but I still have a vivid recollection of the strictness with which I was treated as a child and a girl," an old lady remarked. "The result of this kind of training was that I did things by stealth and became deceitful!"

Rule your children firmly by love, explaining and exhorting; and don't forget that times change and that none of us is infallible! Children are but children, and you cannot put old heads on young shoulders!

Grease-clogged Pipes.

A lump of soda laid upon the drain-pipe of the kitchen sink will prevent its becoming clogged with grease. If this should have already occurred, pour down very strong and quite boiling soda water the last thing at night. Some of this will remain in the upper part of the pipe, where it will do its cleansing work during the night, and be swept away with the first flush of water in the morning.

To Boil Cracked Eggs.

Put a teaspoonful of salt in the water in which you boil them, or wrap each egg separately in tissue paper. This will quite prevent any of the contents of the shell from boiling out.

Devilled Mutton.

Slice cold mutton rather thinly, rub over each slice with a piece of onion, and spread one side thickly with good chutney. Roll each up, dip into frying batter, and fry in deep fat till of a golden colour. Serve at once, dusted with cayenne and a dash of curry powder. In a tureen serve a rich brown sauce, flavoured with shallot, chopped parsley, and lemon rind.

Banbury Sandwich.

Make some good puff paste, divide it into two parts, and roll out thinly; grease a baking tin; with one piece of paste line it; cover with currants, chopped lemon-peel, moist sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. Moisten the edges of the paste with water, lay the other piece of paste on it, press the edges firmly together, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Cut into squares, sift sugar over, and serve hot or cold.

Baked Spanish Onions.

This vegetable is very good with mutton either roast or boiled. Take three or four Spanish onions with their skins on and plunge into boiling water and let them cook quickly for an hour. Then drain dry, wrap each onion in a buttered paper and bake for about two hours. Remove the paper and skins, and serve onions with a thick brown gravy. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve.

"A Gem without Jewels": Unlike the majority of actresses, whose love of jewellery frequently overweighs their passion for their profession, La Vampa, the pretty French artiste, preaches absolute simplicity in dress—and practises what she preaches! She has had many successes, both in France and Germany, but on no single occasion has she been known to wear either necklace, ring, or brooch.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

NOTES ON MEN AND MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

Lord Brooke, the eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, who has just left London for a tour in the Balkan States, has probably seen more of the world at twenty-four—he was born in 1882—than any other member of the aristocracy. Nowadays it is the vogue for young men in Society, during the first few years of their career, to journey far afield in search of big game, fighting, or other adventures. Lord Brooke has followed the fashion with singular avidity.

He has been twice to South Africa, where he was for a time A.D.C. to Lord Milner. He has had a short term of military service in India, has visited the United States of America, put in a year with the Russian Army in Manchuria during the war, and has also personally

Photo, Bowden.

Newmarket Races: The King driving through the streets of Newmarket.

visited the Balkans, when he was the first Englishman to interview King Peter of Servia after the *coup d'etat*.

Lord Brooke received his baptism of fire, at the age of eighteen, under Sir John French, in the South African War. Since then, as his record of travel shows, his adventures have been many and varied. In spite of them, however, he has found time to plunge into successful authorship, his book, "An Eye-Witness in Manchuria," having been acknowledged by the critics to be not only one of the most instructive but also one of the most literary contributions to the history of the war.

Prince Lucien Napoleon Murat, who is an excellent man of business, has just gone into trade as a fishmonger. He is opening up a new market for Yarmouth herrings in the Caucasus, and, although only a few experimental shipments have so far been made, excellent business has resulted.

Many European royalties add largely to their incomes by incursions into trade. King Oscar of Sweden is the principal shareholder in a Stockholm brewery, and he is also interested in the Grand Hotel there, besides other hotels in different parts of the country, whilst he has made a huge fortune by speculations in land and house property. The Emperor of Austria owns a very prosperous brandy distillery, and was once actually summoned for applying for a licence under a false name. The King of Denmark and Prince George of Greece are both fortunate speculators, and have taken part in many large financial affairs.

Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, who is at present confined to his house at St. James's Palace owing to a severe cold, is one of the most hard-working men in the kingdom. About five hundred letters require his attention every day, and all receive an answer, some requiring the most careful thought and wording, in which case they are written by his own hand. Lord Knollys has to be a living "diary of forthcoming events" to His Majesty—to arrange all the details of journeys and engagements from the service at St. Paul's to a visit to the Continent.

He dispatches for the King about a thousand pounds'-worth of telegrams every year, and attends to His Majesty's annual subscriptions, which range in various sums, from a guinea upwards, and run into nearly £2,000 a year. So great an admirer is he of his Royal master that he called his daughter "Louvima," a name which is formed of the first few letters of the names of King Edward's daughters — Louise, Victoria, and Maud.

Prince Alexander of Teck has accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their visit to the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley. He is fond of "roughing it," and is very popular with the men of his regiment, the 7th Hussars.

An incident that happened comparatively recently illustrates at once his keenness and his popularity. When the South African War ended he was stationed at Hampton Court, where he was left with a very few men to look after very many horses. There were so few helpers, indeed, that the work of grooming the horses could not be got through. The Prince was equal to the occasion. With sleeves rolled up, he took his turn with dandy-brush and curry-comb alongside his troopers. He is a good shot, fond of hunting, and even fonder of fishing.

Almost simultaneously with the announcement that the Druce claimant is not proceeding with his claim to the title of Duke of Portland comes an intimation that the House of Lords Committee for Privileges will shortly consider the claim of Mr. R. Barclay-Allardice, Mayor of Lostwithiel, Cornwall, to the Earldom of Strathern, Menteith, and Airth, which became dormant in 1744. The claimant's mother was the daughter of Captain Robert Barclay-Allardice, J.P., himself heir in direct line of the Earls of Strathern.

The first Earl of Strathern was the son of Robert II., King of Scotland, by that monarch's marriage with Eufemia, daughter of the sixth Earl of Ross. In 1427 James I. of Scotland, seeing danger in the fact that the Earl of Strathern of that day claimed Royal descent, deprived him of that earldom, but conferred upon him in its place that of Menteith which was held by several generations of Earls.

Charles was not the king to stand any nonsense of that sort, and accordingly, in 1633, the Earl found himself made Earl of Airth, with the privilege of taking that title or none at all. As he was in some danger of losing his head as well as his title he took it. His son predeceased him, and it was his grandson who became second Earl of Airth. The second Earl left two sisters, of whom the elder, Mary, married Sir John Allardice of Allardice. Their great grandson, James, died in 1765, leaving a daughter, Sarah, who married Robert Barclay, of Ury, whose son claimed the earldom in 1839.

The succession was also claimed, however, by a descendant of the second Earl's younger sister, who married Sir William Graham of Gartmore, and whose great grandson, known as "the Beggar Earl," voted as Earl of Menteith in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Committee of Privileges had to confess itself baffled by these rival claims, and dismissed both without settling either. The Grahams of Gartmore, however, are now extinct, thus leaving the way clear for the present claimant, in whose veins flows the blood of the Royal House of Scotland.

VALENTIA STEER.

A Giant who Wants to Wed.

Good-looking, intelligent Frenchman, 22 years of age, 8ft. 7in. high, and weighing 390lb., ample means, wishes to meet prepossessing, domesticated lady with a view to immediate matrimony. The lady must be willing to tour the world. Bona-fide replies to Henri Cot, care of John Christie, Esq., 207 Mare Street, Hackney.

* * * * *

Such, in brief, is the announcement which during this week has been causing a flutter in the dovecotes of Hackney. Nearly every marriageable lady in Hackney has paid a visit to the Hackney Empire to see this gigantic bargain in the matrimonial market, who by name is Henri Cot, and by birth a Frenchman.

Henri, it appears, is the son of a farmer, and his parents, brothers and sisters are all of ordinary stature. Due, perhaps, to the natural law of the attraction of opposites, Henri has for some years carried about with him a Russian dwarf named Peter Colibri, who, being only 23in. high, travels comfortably about in the coat-pocket of his giant protector.

But Henri has at last grown tired of living in a state of single blessedness, and on his arrival at the Hackney Empire, where he is giving a performance and to which, by the way, he travelled in an enormous palanquin carried by twelve bearers in Oriental costume—he caused the announcement which appears above to be made.

It now only remains to wait and see who will be the lady venturesome enough to take advantage of Henri's offer, and, in the event of a marriage being brought about, to wish the young couple every possible happiness.

A GIANT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Photo, P.I.P.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT: Henri Cot, the French giant, who, with his mascot, a Russian dwarf, named Peter Colibri, is appearing at the Hackney Empire this week.

Start the day right with a plate of delicious, nourishing Quaker Oats

FIVE MINUTES and Quaker Oats is ready for Early Breakfast.

FOLLOW THIS SIMPLE RECIPE

Cook Quaker Oats any time the day previous, following the directions on packet. Don't remove from Cooker—and the next morning place over brisk fire—serve as soon as the Quaker Oats is hot. If the porridge has become too thick, add a little *boiling* water.

The most remarkable musical discovery of the age. . . . Will cause an entire revolution in piano playing.—*Vide Public Press.*

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To learn to play the Piano has hitherto been a most difficult task, occupying many years involving the most tedious study and practice, and necessitating considerable outlay for tuition. At last all this is altered, for by the new method, entitled "Piano in 12 Lessons," anyone can now learn to play hundreds of Sacred and Secular Pieces, Dances, Fantasies, Operatic Selections, Accompaniments, &c., *from Music IN A FEW WEEKS*, without the slightest previous knowledge and without the aid of a teacher. For both Adults and Children this is now the only satisfactory system—for Adults, because it ensures a brilliant style in an extremely short time, and for children, because it makes the study a pleasure instead of a toil, and entirely does away with all drudgery and tedious practice. It is as easy as A B C, and the results are simply marvellous. It is equally suitable for either Piano, Harmonium, or American Organ. Thousands of Testimonials. Success guaranteed. Money willingly returned if not as stated. Post Free 21 complete, per Postal Order.

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Popular Autumn Materials.—The approaching Autumn and Winter season will witness a striking series of Dress Material of Lutas Leathley & Co. (Dept. 304), Armley, Leeds. Send p.c. at once for the splendid patterns of "Wylwyrwell" and other handsome fabrics. Full dress lengths, carriage paid, 6.6, 7.6.

You can earn 1/- per hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply Y, 89 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

6 Samples for 6d.

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In order to make known the various "Vaseline" Preparations we are selling

DAINTY SAMPLE BOXES—6d. Each.

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1 Tube White "Vaseline."
1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline."
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Send 6d. in Stamps to CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline," 42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., And one will be forwarded post free.

A DAINTY LITTLE GIFT

For which you are invited to write

We are distributing thousands of tortoiseshell soap-boxes because we wish everyone to try "Pynozone Soap," and we strongly advise our readers to write immediately for one of these, as it is impossible to apply too soon for your present. We may be asked, "Why do you give away thousands of presents to the public?

"I always use 'Pynozone Soap.'"

Why not let 'Pynozone Soap' speak for itself and make its own way without a wholesale distribution of gifts?" This is a question easy to answer. We want to introduce "Pynozone Soap" to the largest possible number of people in the shortest possible period of time, because we are quite confident that "Pynozone Soap" only needs to be known to be appreciated and asked for in the future.

How delicious, refreshing, and invigorating is the scent of the fir trees, and how it recalls memories of walks over heather-clad hills, with murmuring brooks, the drowsy tinkling of the sheep-fold, and the sweet peace and restfulness of repose in Nature's arms. The scent of the pines gives new strength, energy, and vigour, and everyone knows how full of healing the fragrance is for the weak, wearied, and convalescent. Now, can you imagine a soap embodying this delicious fragrance, healing influence, and marvellous antiseptic power, and bringing all these virtues right into your own home? That is just what you have in "Pynozone Soap," the soap that beautifies, and which is pure as the pines.

What Soap do You Use?

Think for a moment and you will see that there must be a tremendous difference between "Pynozone Soap," made of the best and purest materials, entirely free from excess of alkali, imbued with the scent and refreshing influence of the pine forest, and manufactured under scientific supervision, on the one hand, and common, every-day soap, with which so many people ruin their complexions, on the other. "Pynozone Soap" improves the complexion, and others do the reverse.

"For a shampoo it is refreshing."

Soap is a necessity, as only by its use can the skin be thoroughly cleansed. When we say thoroughly cleansed we mean that not only does the dirt and dust need to be removed from the surface, but the pores themselves require cleansing as well. That is precisely what "Pynozone Soap" does. It searches the pores and takes all impurity out of them, and leaves the skin perfectly pure. Strong coarse soaps are bad for the hands and face. They destroy the oils provided by Nature to keep the skin soft and pliable, and people who use soaps of this kind have red, rough, ugly skin.

The Prevention of Baldness.

Everyone dreads getting bald, but the way to avoid this is by keeping the scalp and hair in a healthy condition, and there is nothing that will do this so effectively as shampooing with "Pynozone Soap." Men should have such a shampoo once a week, and women once a fortnight, but if there is dandruff and early signs of baldness are showing themselves, the hair should be shampooed with "Pynozone Soap" more frequently. This will cleanse the scalp, remove dandruff, promote healthy hair growth, and counteract any tendency to baldness.

"Pynozone Soap" should be used for baby's bath.

When you wash yourself or have a bath with "Pynozone Soap" you will feel cleaner, fresher, and in every way healthier after its use than you did before. However careless you may be about your own appearance let us recommend you to attend carefully to the dainty skin of your children, and use "Pynozone Soap" for them, as it will maintain their skin health and beauty.

You Should Write at Once.

"Pynozone Soap" can be obtained of Chemists, Drug Stores, and all branches of Boots, Cash Chemists, in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d. We want everyone to try "Pynozone Soap," and therefore offer a BEAUTIFUL GIFT to every reader willing to accept it. In return for a postal order for sixpence, we will send a sixpenny tablet of "Pynozone Soap," and present you with a handsome tortoiseshell soap-case, decorated in gold, so that you can carry your tablet of "Pynozone Soap" in your travelling-bag wherever you go. Write at once to The Pynozone Company, Castle-road, Kentish Town, London, and mention *Penny Illustrated Paper*.

When travelling take a tablet with you.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Poultry Farming — Pro and Con.

We are proposing to devote a good part of our space this week to poultry farming, for two reasons: first, that the views of the subject have spread themselves before us of late from several fresh points; and next, because the more one sees into poultry farming as it really exists and is practised, the more one's amazement grows at the amount of ignorance, of prejudice, of duplicity,

Poultry Freaks: Freaks and sports amongst fowls are innumerable. This photo shows on the left the normal-sized and spotted egg of a turkey, and on the right the freak eggs of a barn-door hen, who fancies her own eggs are quite equal to it.

and of obstinate persistence in an optimistic faith in a certain success in the good time coming. We do not wish to be pedantic, and we are simply writing of those things that must come to the notice of every observant and thoughtful person who realises country life. In the first place, we define poultry farming to mean the raising for profit of fowls, ducks, turkeys, geese, etc. We next proceed to place their everyday values thus: An egg, 1d.; a full-grown fowl, 2s. 6d.; a chicken at killing age, 1s. 9d.; a duck's egg, 1½d.; a duckling at killing age, 2s.; a full-grown duck, 3s.; a goose's egg, 6d.; a goose fit for table, 5s.; a turkey's egg, 6d.; a young turkey, 7s. 6d.; and a prime Christmas fattened turkey, 12s. 6d. to £1. These prices are readily obtainable. They also leave a fair margin of profit. They may appear rather uneven, and they will probably appear more so as we proceed. We shall next subdivide poultry farmers into classes. 1. The gentleman or lady farmer, who combines pleasure with profit, and who employs an expert to care for and to get up the birds for market and for competition. This class contains fully a half of the live and dead poultry-show prize-winners. 2. The professional breeders and exhibitors of pure breeds. These also pick out the best of the show plums, and, in fact, between these two classes, the former providing the best class of customers to the latter, and the latter generally sharing the judging at the shows, the setting of types, and the creating and introducing of new varieties, there are very few "bits of fat" left. 3. The utility poultry people, so-called, amongst whom will class the various agricultural colleges, the county council poultry-farming lecturers and classes, utility-poultry clubs, and the egg-laying competitive societies. Be it said that none of the above classes of poultry farmers would relish the scale of values above quoted. They expect to make fancy prices. So, too, does our class 4, the small amateur. He goes in for producing high-priced eggs by the sitting, and makes a fancy price for his surplus birds. Seeing that his finality is money we must class him under our definition. Next we come to a group of three classes, viz.: First, the farmers of agricultural land, who are as much in earnest about their poultry having its place on their farming scheme as they are over pigs and sheep; second, the smaller holders, who make of poultry their first and principal stand-by; third, cottagers in rural districts, who have facilities for keeping a few fowls, ducks, and geese with advantage. There are poultry keepers who do not class as poultry farmers, and who simply breed and keep up stocks and produce eggs for their own consumption. These classes would accept our scale of values as a fair one. To them an egg is or represents 1d., a fowl 2s. 6d., and a goose 5s. Not one in fifty of them would buy a fattened Christmas turkey or goose at the price we have set as an every-day value. They prefer to buy half-grown birds, when they have reared none, and to fatten them themselves.

We have, it will be said, enumerated in the above inclusion as

Immense Pumpkins: Lately a pumpkin weighing 113½lb. was thought to be a record weight. In this photograph of twelve stands one, grown from foreign seed, weighing 158lb. This is of olive green colour. Two others in the group weigh about 122lb. each. They were grown in the garden of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Romsey, Hampshire.

poultry farmers and poultry keepers almost the half of suburban and rural humanity. And it is so. There is scarcely a home in the suburbs of towns and in the country villages where poultry keeping, with an eye to the main chance, has not been or is not being tried. In all the more populous rural areas, the garden cities, and orchard cities and bungalow villages everybody professes a knowledge at least of poultry.

Now, amongst all these we ought to get a fair summary of the results of poultry farming. If one word looms out that will best express a unanimous verdict from the first moiety of our subdivision of classes it will be the word failure. If advising honestly they would all say it. The whole of our literary press—though that being technical and not based on practical experience may not count for much—avers it. The lookers-on know it. Give us the opinion of that shrewd observer, the man at the street corner. It is always valuable.

And then there is the other hand. To the poor rural cottager poultry farming, as he and his can practise it, is as good as a little bank! Half-a-crown for each of a score hens, 1s. 9d. each for eighty or one hundred chickens, and 1s. a dozen for eggs from all the hens—say twenty or thirty—they usually keep, totals up to a goodly sum by the end of the year. Then why should it not be so possible for others? Why, because they all begin at the wrong end—they will spend money before they have made it. True, corn and meal cost money, but the cottagers' wives spend very little over them. A penny per head per week exceeds their outlay. Their scraps and waste potatoes, with a handful of pig-meal, provide the hearty one-day meal, and their fowls have to find the rest. If their fowls do get more it will be in the shape of a handful of maize in the evening among a score or so. If they do fatten a few, as many of them do, they do it well, but most economically. Ready-made coops and portable poultry-houses they would no more think of buying than they would of satin shoes. As for hired labour, they would not dream of it. No, the money all comes in. Much the same may be said for the thrifty small holders and farmers and their careful poultry-wives. It all comes in. What the barn will afford in the way of tail-corn, which would not sell at any price, they take over. And there is one word, the mention of which they all make with a wise prejudice, that is the noun incubator

OCTOBER ROSES: A splendid tea rose blooming in the open in late October.

October Roses.

It is not in Covent Garden only that roses are so plentiful this autumn, all the countrysides are enjoying the boom, or have been just lately. One of the sweetest of the autumn dames has been Catherine Mermet—a charming, fleshy, pink, virgin tea rose. Another of the late open-air blossoms this October has been a creamy salmon H.T. rose called Homer. The photo accompanying this note of a dwarf bush of Homer was taken early in the month. We could cut fifty blooms at a time from half-a-dozen of these dwarf bushes, all the blooms as fine as those, any time during October.

Poultry Freaks.

Freaks and sports amongst fowls, ducks, and turkeys are innumerable. We photographed a brood of duckling geese last June, each duckling as puffy and downy as a duckling usually is, but with the legs and feet of the goose. There is a curious freak illustrated in the accompanying photograph, where a barn-door hen is making believe to be a turkey. The two eggs on the right of the photo are hers, one of the normal size being spotted like that of the egg of the turkey on the left, and the other being as large as the turkey's egg, but of the normal colour in the shell. How do we account for it? Sexual impression, most decidedly. A cock turkey, with his seraglio, abides in the same run. Being, when in his pride, of a super-amorous disposition, he also takes notice of this hen. Hence the freak. Of course, the eggs would hatch out ordinary chicks; but even at that we should not be surprised if they produced sports or freaks.

Sour Milk for Fattening.

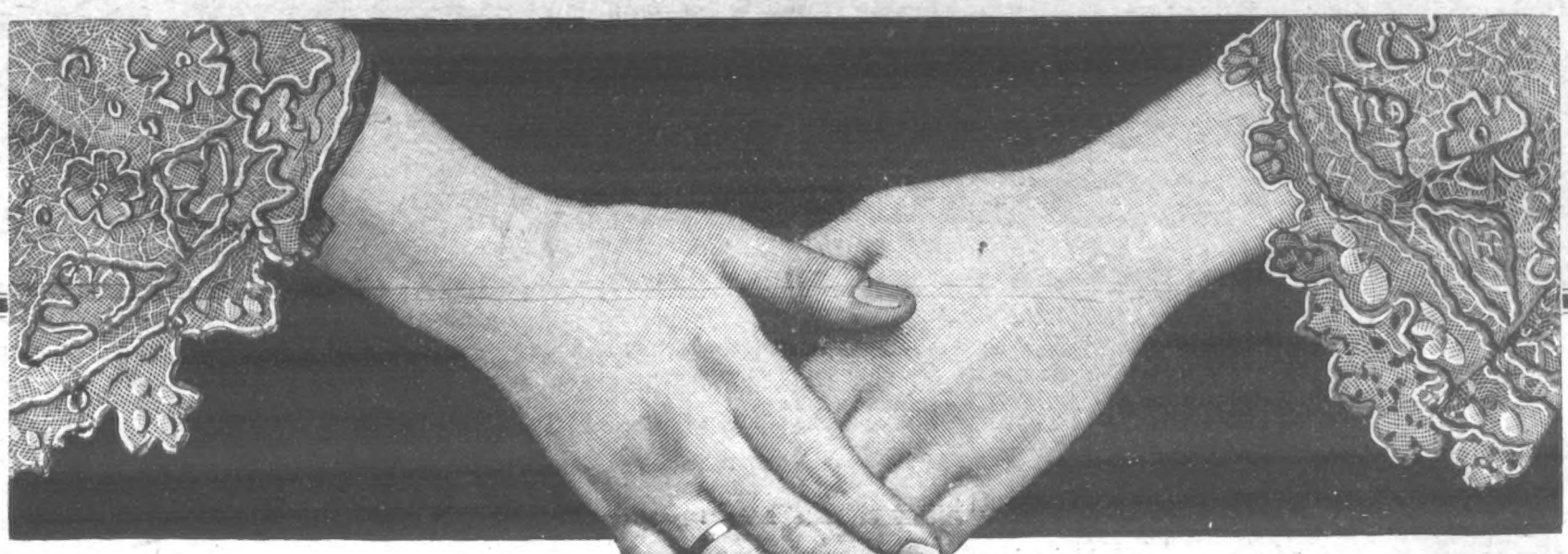
We much wish to ask readers of these notes a question as to the enhanced properties of soured skim milk for feeding and fattening poultry and pigs. In times gone by this feature of the *P.I.P.* had a good number of readers who would have thrashed out this question for us. Down in Sussex the poultry fatters all swear by soured or curdled milk, and they use no other. It may be from our own prejudice that we cavil at this system—for a system it is—with its regular vendors contracting to supply, and its advocates, keen and practical men, who are full of successful experience. What is there in soured or curdled separated milk, anyway? We know that there is next to no fat and no sugar of milk. True, some mechanical separators will in their action bruise the globules of butter fat somewhat, but even that adds but little fat to the water of the composition. When 100 per cent., all but a fraction of 1 per cent. of the fat is extracted, as it is by some separators, what is there remaining? and why is that remainder of more feeding value when soured or curdled

DARBY AND JOAN

ON THE FARM WEEK BY WEEK.

Farming in the Isle of Arran. The end of a day's work.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]



Chapped Hands.

Look to your hands. Are they weathering the cold well, and can you hope to keep them nice all through?

Few can. Perhaps the unpleasant "feel" which heralds the dreaded chapped condition is already there. At best, those scaly patches will mean worry and disfigurement, and there's no telling where the trouble will end.

In worse cases, the skin burns and smarts fiercely, looks quite unsightly in its state of red roughness, and may crack open into raw, bleeding fissures. Every movement causes pain, and washing, working, or even writing becomes positive torture.

Hands that are suffering from the wintry weather in these ways may be restored to the soundness of health by judicious applications of Zam-Buk.

This pure balm should be smeared on at night, and an old pair of gloves worn until morning. Zam-Buk exerts a delightful cooling and soothing influence, for which sufferers are most grateful. Its rich vegetable essences sink deep into the tissues, softening, purifying, and healing; and—usually in a day or two at most—the outer skin of the hands is made soft, white, and strong again, able in its perfect health to withstand even frost and snow.

The value of Zam-Buk, either as protective or corrective, cannot be over-estimated. A box should be on every dressing table.

Miss D. Knight, of The Cottage, 5 Rushams Road, Horsham, writes:—"My hands used to be hard, dry, and very uncomfortable, with awful chaps as if they had been cut open. I have used all sorts of different ointments, but none did them any good. Just recently I began to use Zam-Buk, and found it most satisfactory from the first. After using the balm regularly for a short time my hands are free from chaps and beautifully soft. As directed, I dressed my hands with Zam-Buk at night and wore an old loose pair of gloves."

Zam-Buk is excellent for chaps, chilblains, cold-sores, sore faces and lips, chafings, rashes, winter eczema, piles, ulcers, festering sores, sore heads and backs, abscesses, pimples, ringworm, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, pains, etc. Of all chemists, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 4 Redeross Street, E.C. Price 1/1½ per box, or 2 9 for large family size containing nearly four times the quantity.

Zam-Buk

RUB IT IN!

FREEBOX.

A dainty sample box will be sent you if you cut out this coupon and send it with a 1d. stamp to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

P.I.P.
Nov. 3rd, 1906.

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The task set is to discover surnames hidden in a series of pictures. The first six pictures are given below. You may use this set to enter the competition (or you may use the set which appears in *Pearson's Weekly* published on November 2nd) under the conditions printed in this and succeeding numbers of *P.W.*

The second set appears in *Pearson's Weekly*, Published on Friday next, November 9th.

You must get a copy of that number in order to continue the competition. Order it at once.

All the names depicted in the pictures in this competition will be found printed in a list of surnames which is presented free with every copy of the *Novel Magazine* for November (price 4d.); or the list of surnames will be sent free on receipt of a stamped self-addressed wrapper sent to Room 7, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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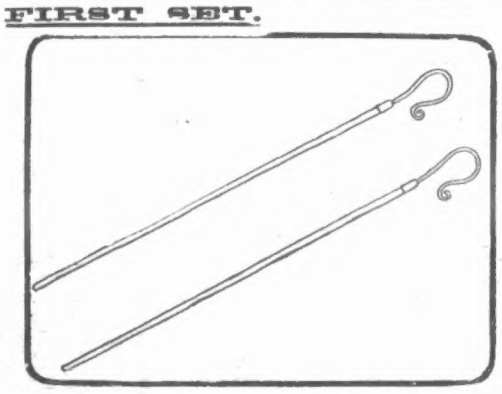

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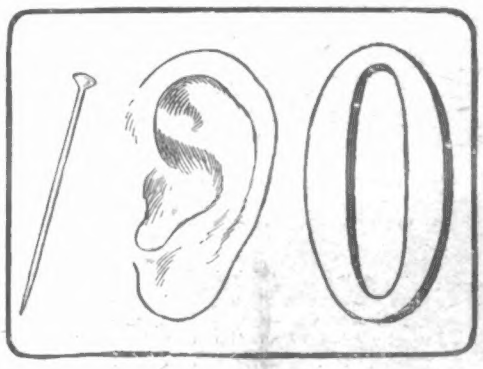

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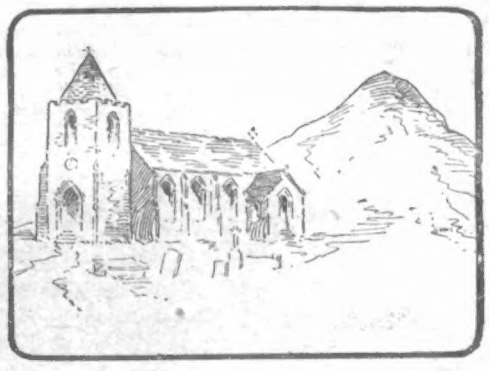

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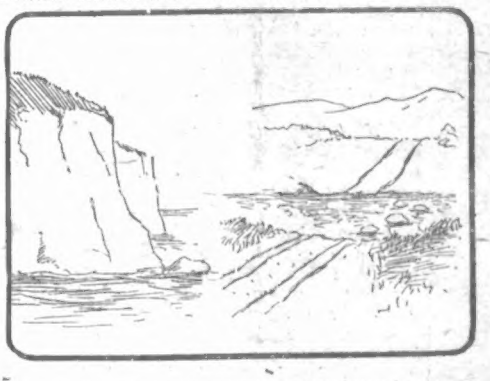

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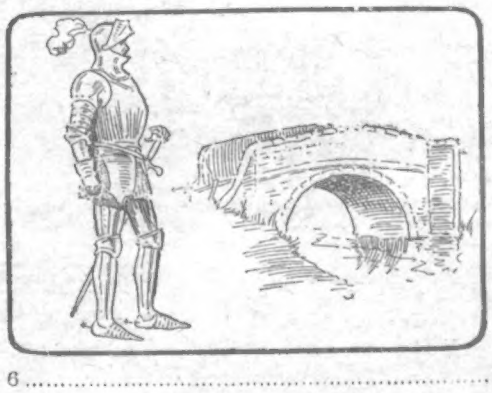

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GET "PEARSON'S WEEKLY." OUT NEXT FRIDAY.

THE GREAT PLOT.

- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

A Revelation!

"His confession—of what?" asked Lomonseff.

He seemed surprised. What confession had Austen Leigh to make, and how did Hutton hear it?

"Of how he became a member of the Party of the Will of the People. It is all recorded, together with a number of interesting facts, which have hitherto remained a mystery."

"Are the documents accessible?"

Mdlle. Liane de Pougy: The road-wreckers of Paris have spoilt the looks of one of France's most celebrated professional beauties, Mdlle. Liane de Pougy. As the well-known music-hall "star" was driving in the Bois, her carriage, in avoiding a motor-cab near Suresnes Bridge, overturned into a trench, and Liane was flung among a litter of tarred and sticky gas-pipes. Mdlle. Liane was found to have a terrible wound in her right thigh. Her cheeks were also badly cut.

"Yes, without very much difficulty. The dead man's sister has the key in her possession."

"You mean Mrs. Milbourne? That is the name, is it not."

"Yes," Hutton replied

"Milbourne — Milbourne!" exclaimed Sovinski, as though attracted by the name. "Who is Mrs. Milbourne?"

"Sister of Austen Leigh. When he left Russia he went to her house in an obscure English village, and, after some months of concealment, died there, leaving his papers at the mercy of everybody. Among the members of the household was a woman, named Grace Fairbairn, whom you know, and a mysterious man, named Clipson. He is an intimate associate of hers. Is he known?"

Both men shook their heads.

"His name sounds English," the Professor remarked.

"He is undoubtedly English."

"Ah! then he is not one of us. He may be a friend of Miss Fairbairn's, but we do not know him."

Leigh was his friend, and induced his sister to take him into her service as coachman," Hutton remarked.

"He is not one of us," Sovinski declared decisively.

"Has the woman Fairbairn been a member of the organisation for long?"

"No; I think not. But she has done some good work," the Russian answered. "She has been especially vigilant during the progress of the work here."

"I had no idea that she was implicated in the plot until the other day, when she followed me, and was, in her turn, followed by the man of whom I've just spoken—Clipson."

"Oh! she was followed by him—eh?" remarked Sovinski, in quick suspicion. "For what reason, I wonder."

"He may be her lover, and, seeing me with her, his jealousy became aroused," Hutton said. "That was the idea that occurred to me."

"Or, what seems more likely, he may be a police spy," remarked Vladimir, in a slow, deliberate tone. "Have you any suspicion of him being in connection with the police?"

"None whatever," the Englishman responded. "When in the Milbourne's service he was a model of what the steady, careful coachman should be. His references were excellent, and they got rid of him only because they were compelled to reduce their establishment."

"You had no suspicion of him?"

"Not at the time. I have now," was Hubert's answer. "He dresses fashionably, and none who see him in London to-day would ever dream that he is only a coachman. He is, for some unknown reason, disguised as a gentleman."

"Which points conclusively to my theory that he is a spy," observed Sovinski.

"But he has never been here?" Hubert asked.

"No. It would not be good for his health if he dared to put his nose inside this place," he laughed. "We know well how to deal with persons of his stamp. If he entered here he would not leave again."

"But what is to be done regarding the decree which the Executive have issued against Mr. Hutton?" the Professor asked, for although he was Head Centre of the Terrorists and director of their many ingenious plots, yet the condemnation of spies was the affair of the Central Council in Petersburg, that small assembly that ruled the destinies of so nearly a million persons of both sexes and all ages banded together in the vain and hopeless cause of Russian freedom. Of each death decree against a spy the Professor received early intimation in order that he should be warned of the identity of the spy, but to interfere with the decision of the all-powerful Executive was a difficult and thankless task. They ruled one side of that most remarkable of all the secret societies in the world, and he alone ruled the other, aided by a band of a dozen or so of the chosen fearless ones.

The Great Plot now about to be consummated in London had been in progress for over a year—ever since it first became known that the Emperor was coming to England. Indeed, the information regarding the Tsar's arrangements came from His Majesty's private cabinet. The Nihilists have their emissaries in the very household of the Emperor, who, alas! knows it, and is ever fearful lest an attempt should be made upon him by one or other of his trusted officials or servants. As is well known, a tragedy occurred at Peterhof not long ago. A servant passing along one of the corridors made a swift movement to draw back at the approach of His Majesty, when the latter's companion, the well-known governor of one of the southern provinces, believing that the servant was about to draw a revolver, whipped out his own weapon and in an instant shot the poor fellow dead. It was found that the man had no weapon, and that his movement had been quite a natural one.

Ah! the tragedy of a Tsar's life is truly pitiable. And, strangely enough, all the reforms recently made, the better treatment of prisoners, the lightening of taxation, and the free emigration to Siberia, the land of promise, do not cause the carping voice of the Nihilist to be one whit the less distinct, or induce the Terrorist to cease exercising his cunning in devising plots.

But, alas! while the secret organisation, wrongly called Nihilism, continues to be ruled by the six desperate but anonymous enthusiasts in Petersburg, as it is, it will always remain essentially a society whose chief motif is Tsaricide.

The Professor had been speaking with Sovinski in an undertone, and had walked a little apart from Hutton, as though they were trying to devise a plan.

"No," Sovinski said at last, in a tone of distinct regret. "I cannot see how we can get the order rescinded—unless the Countess Lubomirska acknowledges the truth, which she is not likely to do. You see, the decree is signed, and the person who is to remove the alleged traitor is already designated. To-day or to-morrow the order will no doubt reach the hand which is to strike the blow."

"Who is ordered to kill me?" demanded the condemned man quickly. "I am a friend. Surely you will tell me?"

Sovinski met him face to face, but no reply came from his lips. He had no right to forewarn the man who was to fall victim.

"You may speak, Vladimir," the Professor said, very calmly. "Remember, our friend is condemned unjustly."

Again he hesitated, but at last said in a low, strained voice:

"The person ordered to assassinate you secretly is a woman."

"A woman!" Hubert cried. "Who?"

"A lady whom I believe is known to you. Her name was given to the Executive in Petersburg as Miss Sylvia Milbourne."

"Sylvia!" he cried, reeling back as though he had been struck a blow. "Sylvia—to kill me! My God—*my God!*"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Death to the Spy.

The effect of the startling announcement was electrical. Hubert Hutton stood glaring at the speaker open-mouthed.

"Do you solemnly allege that Sylvia Milbourne is a Nihilist?" he demanded, when at last he found tongue. "Why, it's impossible! She knows nothing of Russia or of the revolutionary movement."

"I have spoken the truth," declared Sovinski, in a calm voice. "I have no knowledge of the lady, save her name. You apparently know her?"

"Know her?" he echoed. "Yes, I do know her. I'm engaged to marry her!"

"To marry her!" gasped the Professor. "And she is ordered to kill you?"

Sovinski replied, saying:

"The Executive decided that the execution of the decree should be placed in the lady's hands. In telling you this I am betraying the confidence of the secret council," he added.

"No," responded Lomonseff. "In explaining this, you are delivering an innocent man from death. My friend Hutton has ever been loyal to the Cause. It is scandalous that he should be thus falsely accused."

"He is accused on his own handwriting," the ex-bank cashier remarked coldly, for he was undoubtedly suspicious of the Englishman, even though the Professor vouched for his honesty of purpose.

"Upon a letter dictated by a usurer," the old man pointed out. "Strict inquiry should have been made into such a case before the death sentence was passed. Hitherto the glorious principles of Nihilism have been synonymous with justice. But it is not so in this case. The Executive have been tricked by an ingenious woman. She desires to kill our friend Hutton, and uses the power of the organisation for that purpose in order not to stain her hand with crime. It has all been most cleverly arranged—indeed, so cleverly that you, shrewd as you usually are, have been misled. You see in the victim here a spy and a traitor, while I who know him, see a firm and devoted friend to the Cause, and a staunch and true supporter of the great movement to which we have devoted our lives—and our liberty if needs be."

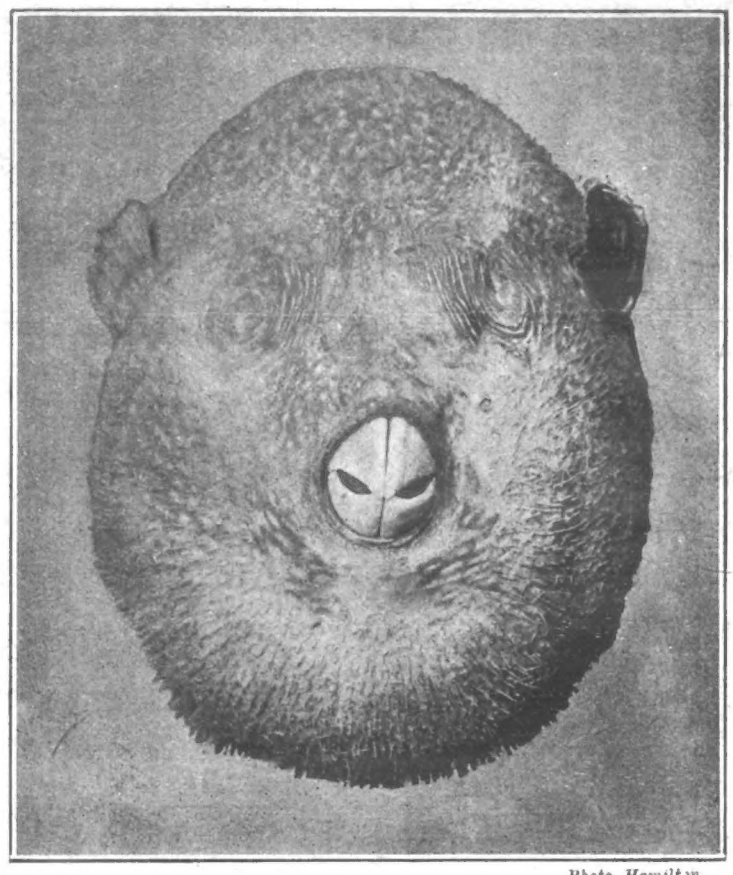
"It certainly seems a cruel irony of Fate that the woman he loves should be compelled to encompass his death," Sovinski said.

"No, not Fate," Hutton remarked. "The woman Lubomirska has arranged it, in order that her revenge shall be overwhelming and complete!"

"Curse La Lubomirska!" cried the Professor violently. "She killed my poor Ivan, and she will, if she can continue it, kill you."

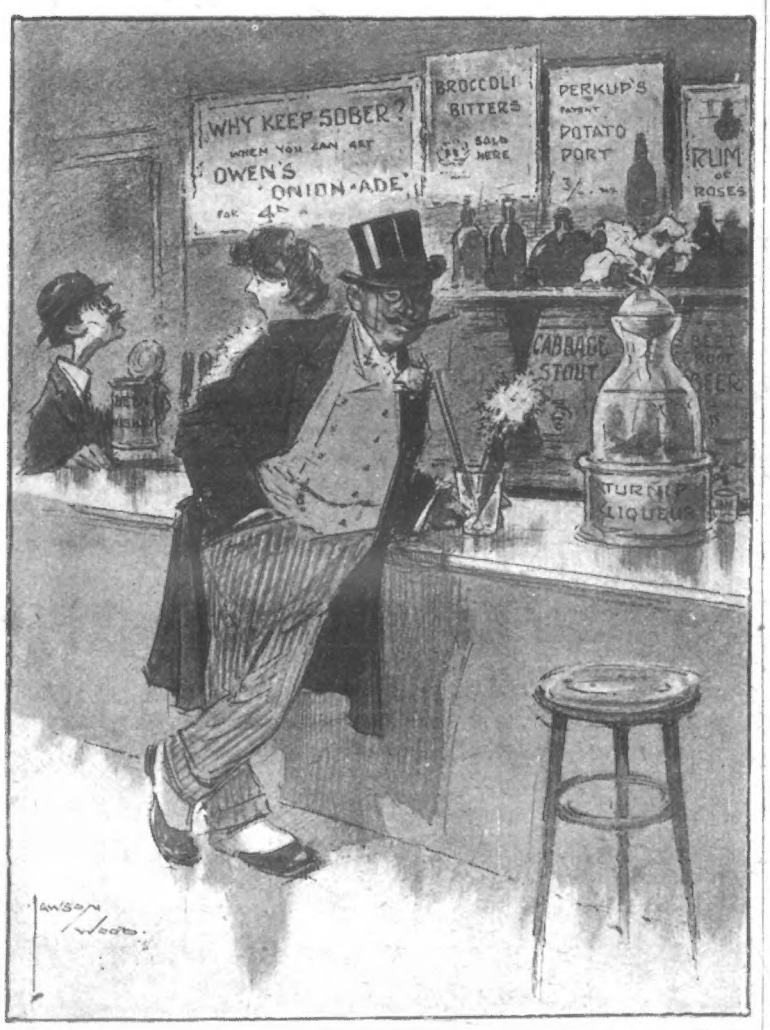
"I look to the organisation for assistance," Hutton remarked, his face pale and showing some excitement. "I have done my best, as the Professor knows, and I am not ashamed to face fair judgment."

(*To be continued.*)



Photo, Hamilton.

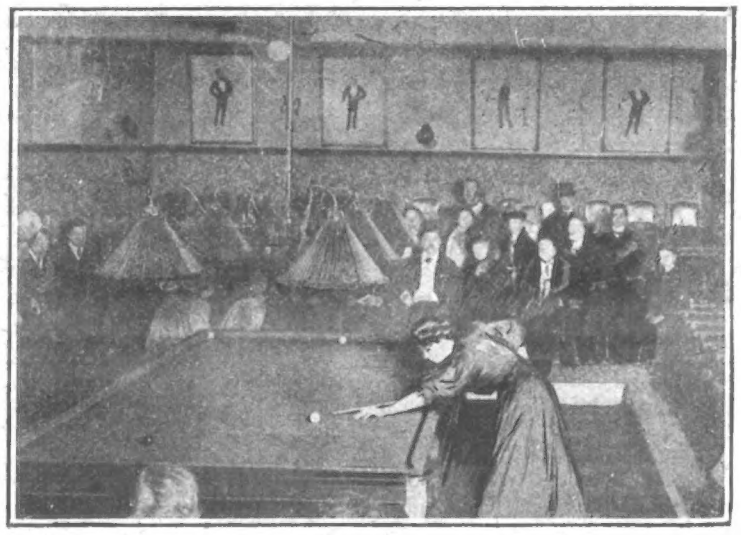
THE PARROT FISH: The largest and most beautifully marked parrot fish ever brought to England has recently been exhibited at Battersea. It is about eighteen inches long, and nearly the same in circumference. It has a hard horn beak like a parrot, and its body is covered with hard, sharp bristles. It was captured by the captain of the s.s. "Lakawanna" on his last voyage home from India.



Drawn by Lawson Wood.

"CARROT AND SODA, OR TURNIP SQUASH, SIR?"

Said a contemporary recently: "It will comfort the teetotallers and vegetarians to know, on the authority of Dr. Harry Campbell, that spirit drinkers have by no means, as they supposed, a monopoly of stimulants. 'Some vegetable foods are highly stimulating,' said Dr. Campbell, 'and a purely vegetable meal will make children hilarious and excited. Maize, beans, and oats have a stimulant effect on horses, and there can be no doubt vegetable-feeding animals select their food as well for its stimulating as for its nutritive properties.'" Our Artist suggests that as vegetables cause hilarity, vegetable drinks might well come into vogue during the hot weather.



A LADIES' BILLIARD MATCH: Last week a billiard match between two ladies, Mme. Strebor and Miss Eva Collins, took place at Messrs. Burroughes and Watts' saloon in Soho Square. Mme. Strebor, who was a pupil of John Roberts, proved the victor.

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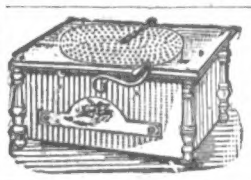

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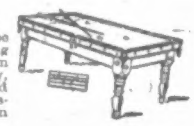

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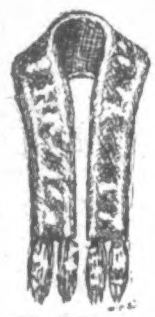

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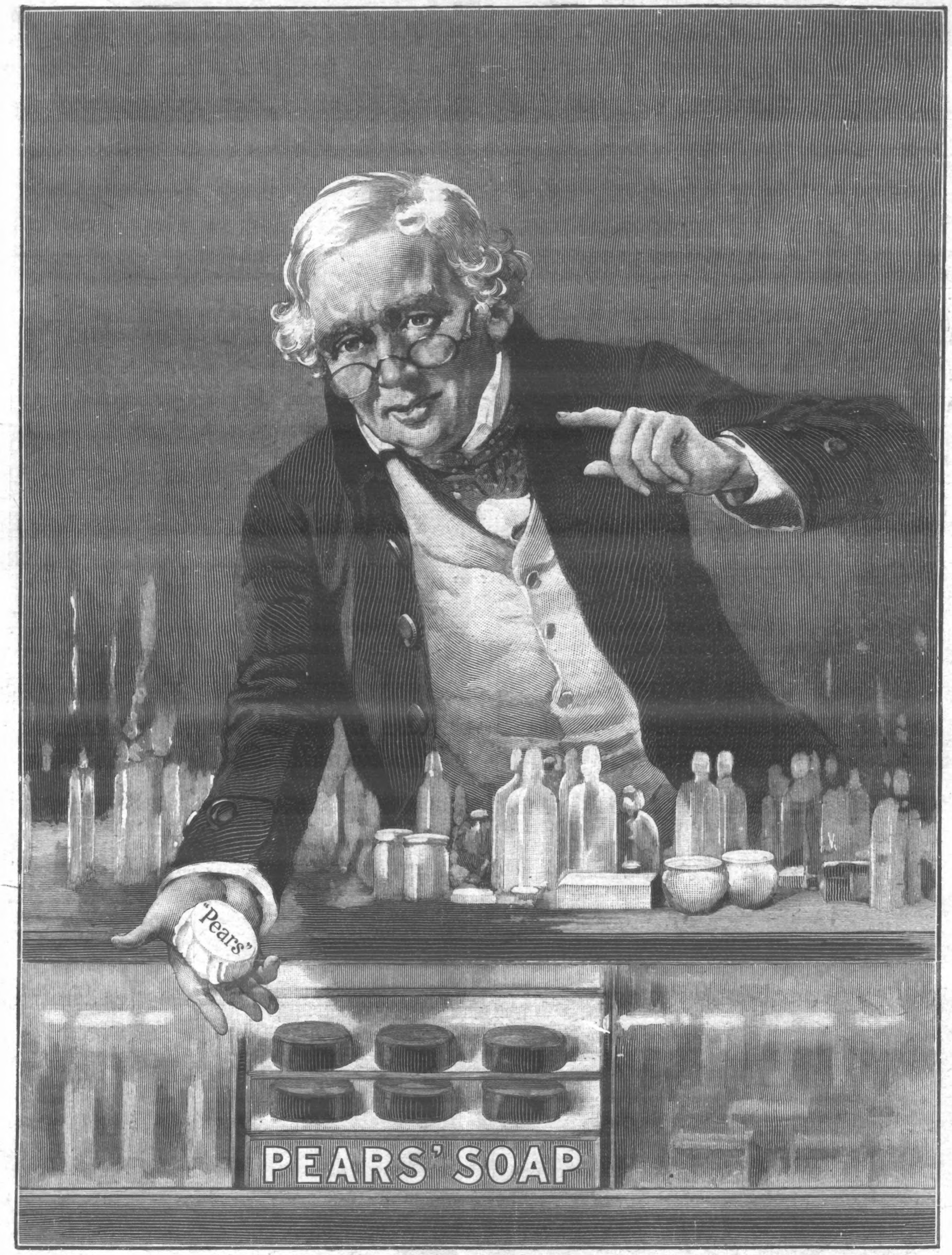
"*There is no Better Food.*"
—DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.



"**This** is genuine '**PEARS**' as sold for more than 100 years past! I have sold it all my life, and know how good it is.

"It has taken the highest award at every Exhibition, and won the **only** Grand Prix at Paris. As there is **no water** mixed with it, it is **ALL SOAP** and lasts longer than any other; so it is the **CHEAPEST** as well as the **BEST.**

"I could sell you an imitation at half the money and make more profit on it too, but I should be only swindling you if I did."